

# PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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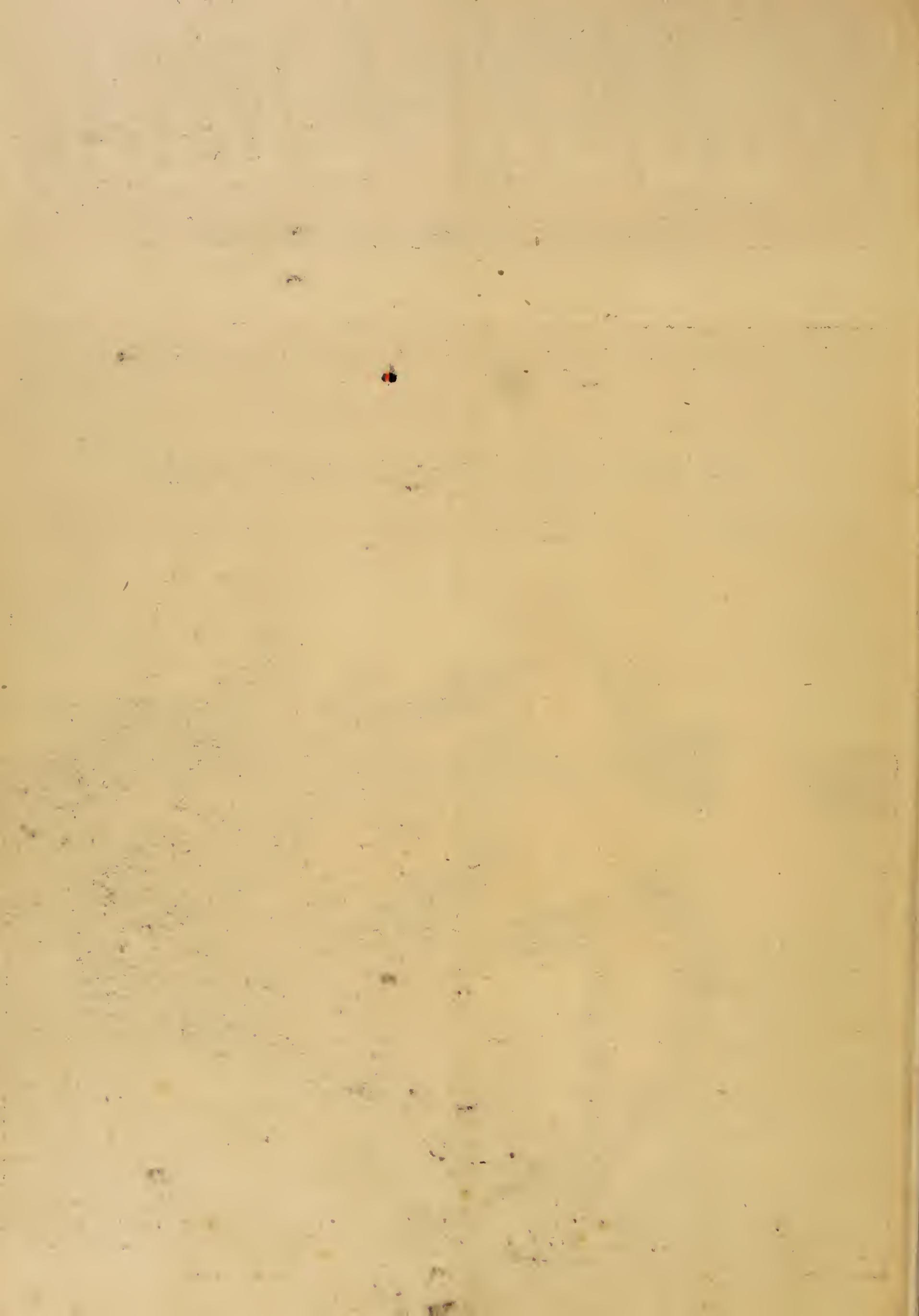
NEW YORK, JANUARY 16, 1918.

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## AT 12 O'CLOCK! OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE LIGHTHOUSE, A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION. By GENL ASA GORDON. AND OTHER STORIES



Loud shouts and cries, and then broke forth the thunder of cannon. Great streams of flame leaped forth from the iron throats of the cannon. With no show of fear, the heroine stood there, and guided them onward.



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## STORIES OF ADVENTURE

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## AT 12 O'CLOCK

OR

## THE MYSTERY OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

By GEN. JAS. A. GORDON

### CHAPTER I.

NED NOLAN.

The clock struck twelve.

Ned Nolan suddenly awoke, and then called:  
"I say, friend, are you awake?"

There was no answer.

There was something awful in that continued silence.

On the narrow, high, old-fashioned mantel stood a candle, which Ned Nolan lost no time in lighting, his very blood running cold.

Holding the candle above his head he turned from the chimney-piece, and, facing the centre of the room, advanced a few steps; his eyes starting from their sockets in strained surprise; then he reeled back, throwing up his hands as if to ward off or drive back some dreadful thing confronting him; the candle at the same time fell to the floor with a crash and expired.

Ned Nolan could not repress a thrill of horror that swept him like a wave from head to foot.

For a minute or so he stood irresolute, waiting to fly the dreadful scene, yet rooted to the spot. At last, in a mechanical way, he sought on the floor the candle, and, as he lighted it again, muttered:

"Faith, it must be done; my own safety demands it."

It was a large, old-fashioned room in an old-time inn, and in each of the diametrically opposite corners stood a bed. One of these had been occupied by Ned, the other by a person to him a stranger, as he was a stranger himself.

Toward the latter bed Ned Nolan advanced, his face set and resolute, as if it required an effort to approach it. And so it did, after the faint glimpse he had caught of it before.

The flickering, fluttering, sickly flame of the candle cast a garish light over the bed and its surroundings.

Ned's face paled. There lay the man he had seen full of life and strength two hours before, dead, his head hanging over the edge of the bed.

Ned Nolan gazed at such a picture as this—not as described here, but in all its terrible reality—and he clasped his hand over his eyes as if the sight seared his brain.

How had this scene been enacted without his being awakened?

It was a mystery he could not explain.

And then a horrible thought crept into his mind—would he not be accused of committing this deed?

His cheeks grew paler still, and he thought:

"Worra, worra! has my bad luck followed me here to this country, too?"

What should he do? Should he give the alarm—or should he quickly steal away from the place? The latter seemed the best course, although it would be a tacit admission that he was guilty.

He took his hand from his heated brow, and his eyes discovered a bit of paper pinned to the dead man's breast.

Holding the candle closer he read:

"Thus perish all traitors to the cause of Liberty!"

He was greatly perplexed.

"Faith," he exclaimed, "whatever shall I do?" and stood irresolute and undetermined.

The question was settled for him by footsteps approaching, and then halting before his door, at which there came a low knock.

Ned crossed the room and opened the unlocked door, and gave a visible start as he saw confronting him a man in the garb of one of his majesty's officers.

Stepping quickly back the young Irish lad placed his hand on the butt of a pistol, ready to draw it at any instant. The officer entered the room and had closed the door before he looked at Ned, and then he exclaimed:

"You're not the person I expected to see. Who have you?"

But he waited for no reply, as chance had directed his gaze to the bed and its ghastly burden. Recoiling at the awful spectacle so suddenly presented, he gasped:

"Good heavens! What's this?"

Recovering himself he advanced to the bedside, and an angry, vexed cry immediately followed.

"Hit's Benson, the smuggler's hagent!" he exclaimed.  
"Did you do this?"

"No."

"Who have you?" was the fierce demand.

"A stranger, arrived but this very day."

"Ah!" and the British officer fastened his eyes on the young Irish lad.

"What is your name?"

"Ned Nolan, before heaven and man!" was the proud reply. The officer laughed hoarsely.

"Good henough!" he cried. "You will be kind henough to consider yourself ha prisoner."

"Not at all," said Ned, coolly.

"Surrender!"

"Not to ye, ye beefeating minion of a bloody king!"

And he pulled out the pistol, and with a flourish warned off the officer, who, enraged at his words, had started savagely toward him.

"You shot hand killed the Marquis of Kerry—ha good Henglishman, hand Hi harrest you for murder."

"I did shoot him," was the bold reply, "and I'll serve ye the same, ye dirty redcoat, if ye attempt to lay hands on me! Back, I say, or I'll shoot ye like a dog!" and Ned's eyes flashed with the fire of determination.

The officer retreated a few steps and then, with an evil smile of triumph hovering around his mouth, he shouted for help, adding:

"The king has offered ha reward for you hof five 'undred pounds, hand Hi'll pocket that—see if Hi don't."

"Hurro!" cried Ned. "Faith, that's an honor I never expected—to have a price put upon me head. But ye'll never claim it!" and, shoving his pistol back, he adopted the use of his fists, and suddenly darting upon the officer, struck

him a sudden blow between the eyes, exclaiming: "Bedad, but I'll not be after wastin' powder and lead on the likes of such as ye! Ye're not worth it. Take that—and that—and that!" and at each "that" there was a spat, as Ned, dancing round, planted blow after blow on the officer's phiz. Mad as a bull at the sight of red cloth, the officer attempted to draw his sword, but this Ned forestalled by a sudden clip under the chin that floored him. Quick as a flash Ned planted a foot on the officer's breast, and, bending a little, spat squarely into the prostrate man's face, with the taunting remark:

"There, go tell your king that I have spat into the face of one of his officers, and wiped my dirty shoes on his body. Go tell him that, and tell him I defy him now and forever!"

The rush of feet along the hall warned Ned to fly, and giving the officer a kick, he caught up his hat and coat, flew to the window, flung up the sash, and, with a mocking laugh, leaped into the darkness—he knew not whither. It chanced to be the street, and he took to his heels until, unable to run further, he came down to a walk.

"In trouble already," he muttered as he proceeded slowly toward the outskirts of Boston. "Faith, I must turn my back on this place."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SMUGGLERS' RETREAT.

The date of the circumstances recorded in the preceding chapter was July 4, 1774, just two years prior to the day when the famous Declaration of Independence was given to the world.

The causes that led to that long and bloody war with the mother country had long been at work, and already noble old Massachusetts was suffering the penalty of her love for Liberty.

December 16, '73, the inhabitants of Boston rose against unjust taxation, and, dressed as Mohawk Indians, boarded English tea vessels and flung their cargoes into the bay.

From that time Boston's persecution commenced.

Four thousand British soldiers were stationed in Boston and billeted on the people. A family received an order, and forthwith came three or four redcoats, who took the best rooms on the house, ate at the table, and cursed the fare if it was not good enough, superciliously ordered the inmates around, and practiced many indignities on the fair daughters of America.

And the poor man whose family suffered thus could obtain no redress, and if he ventured to even murmur, was seized and hurried off to prison as a traitor to the king. Is it any wonder, then, that the handful of men who fought for and gained the freedom of our country adopted the motto, "Liberty or Death"?

Other punishment fell on refractory but Liberty-loving Boston.

On June 1, 1775, her harbor was closed by order of the king, supplies were cut off, and full many a family was plunged into the distresses of starvation.

But, heaven be praised, it was a blessing after all, for it fitted men to be soldiers—fitted them to endure the privations they afterward experienced during that glorious struggle.

Excitement ran high during that year in Boston, and many a conflict occurred in her streets, and many a man, timid before, there smelt gunpowder first, and acquired that contempt for it which makes the true soldier.

Boston was to be humbled—was to be starved into submission.

Bah! The English had undertaken what they could not accomplish, and day by day the British commandant had brought to his notice the fact that prohibited supplies had entered the city, and duty free at that.

His efforts to prevent this were scoffed at—jeered at, and his failure to prevent it was flaunted in his face; and with the characteristic rage of maddened John Bull, he cursed the smugglers and swore to draw and quarter any one of them that should ever fall into his hands.

But none ever did, and his curses, like chickens, must have come home to roost, for they never roosted anywhere else.

Several prominent men in Boston were suspected, among them Captain Gideon Arnow, but against them they could never find a vestige of proof, although smuggling went on day by day under their very noses.

They offered bribes to any one who would betray the

smugglers, and at last they found a would-be traitor in the person of Benson.

A preliminary conversation had been held with him, and the British officer who suffered so much at the hands of Irish Ned had gone to see him that night to conclude a bargain for the betrayal of the home of the smugglers.

But an avenging hand had struck him down in secret, and on the brink of success the British were balked.

Captain Gid Arnow smiled significantly when he heard the next day the rumor of Benson's mysterious, violent death. Had he chosen, he could have given a good guess as to who had struck the fatal blow, although he had no knowledge that it was contemplated.

British spies tracked him all day long, but he affected to be unconscious of it, though he knew it well. And he was dogged whenever he went into the street, for a week afterward, and then, finding their vigilance unrewarded they relaxed their unsolicited attention.

"Ha! ha!" laughed bluff Captain Gid. "I'll give you the slip to-night, my boys!" and studying up some new problem, he wended his way homeward and went at once to his study, where he remained until the supper-bell rang.

He found his wife and daughter in the dining-room before him. Mrs. Arnow was a slight and pale, but evidently high-spirited woman, and Stella Arnow, the daughter, evidently partook largely of her mother's spirit as well as of the high degree of bravery which rumor accorded Captain Gid.

"You're going to the island to-night, are you not, father?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Can I go with you?"

"I'd rather you'd stay home. What does mother say?"

"Stella can do as she wishes," replied Mrs. Arnow.

"Then she shall go," said Captain Gid, and when he had finished his meal, lighted his pipe and puffed away in silence for some time.

At ten o'clock every light in the house was extinguished, to mislead any spy into the belief that they had all retired.

Stella and her father were all ready for their midnight excursion, but they did not attempt to leave the house until some time after eleven o'clock.

Winding their way through the darkest and narrowest streets, they finally stopped before a tumble-down house that stood by the water's edge. A dim light could be seen faintly through a chink in the shutter, and Captain Gid gave a satisfied grunt.

Advancing, he gave three low raps, twice repeated, on the door, which, being opened slightly, a low voice asked:

"Why do you knock here? What's the time of night?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"And—"

"All's well."

The door was now opened sufficiently to admit the passage of Captain Gid and Stella, after which, being closed, they found themselves in a sort of a dark closet, so arranged that the light in the room would not shine forth into the night when the outer door was opened.

They entered the inner room, but only paused there a minute. The man who had let them in seemed to know what was wanted of him, and taking up a candle, crossed the apartment and disappeared through another door. Captain Gid and Stella followed their guide, who, finally setting down the candle behind a screen, raised a door in the floor and they could hear and see the faint glimmer of water beneath.

A boat that was hung near the ceiling was let down noiselessly into the water by a well-oiled tackle, and into it Captain Gid and Stella descended, and a moment later they were skimming like a dark shadow over the surface of the bay.

Soon they were abreast of Castle Island, and could see the frowning ramparts of the fort towering up, grim and stern-looking.

Pulling steadily onward Captain Gid finally slightly changed his course, and made for one of the chain of rocky islands that extended north and west of Boston Lighthouse.

His muffled oars gave out no sound as they worked in the rowlocks, and it showed how watchful a sentry must have been stationed there, for the boat's prow had not ceased grating on the shaly beach before a low voice called:

"Give me the time."

"Twelve o'clock!"

"And—"

"All's well."

They could hear the hammer of a gun being let down, and then a low voice asked:

"Is that you, Captain Gid?"

"Yes."

"We've been expectin' of you two or three days. How goes things in Boston?"

"As usual," replied Captain Gid. "Take care of the boat till I return."

"All right, sir," was the reply, and the fellow politely touched his cap, for he knew that muffled figure that was with the captain was his daughter.

They went up a steep ascent by a rocky, uneven path. After fifteen minutes' hard climbing they made a sharp descent of a few feet, rounded an abrupt corner of rock, and saw before them a low, smoldering fire, around which twenty-five men were congregated, some asleep, some awake and talking or smoking, while one little group was amusing itself with a pack of cards.

They arose as the pair approached them, and saluted them respectfully, and then advancing, shook hands all around with brave Captain Gid, who was shortly asked for the news in Boston, the all-absorbing topic of the time.

The sleeping ones awoke, and crowded around to hear the news—a part of which was Benson's death, at hearing of which several muttered that they had always suspected the fellow.

"And now," said Captain Gid, "who is absent to-night?"

"Oscian, the half-breed, and Pete Slick."

"Is Slick absent?" quickly said Captain Gid.

"Yes—he's been away the last three days."

The captain looked grave, and remained silent for some minutes, as if in thought.

Finally, turning his attention to the waiting men, he said:

"Well, boys, see that no more of you leave, for we have work on hand for the night after to-morrow."

A murmur of approval ran from lip to lip.

"The smack will arrive about midnight outside the lighthouse. Be there with two crews ready to unload her. I'll go from here with you or meet you there."

After drawing from his huge pockets letters for a number of the men—tobacco for this one, and various little packets for others, he and Stella returned by the path they had come, entered the boat, bade the sentinel good-night, and were noiselessly swallowed up in the darkness that overhung the bay.

They had been gone but half an hour or so, when another small boat approached the island.

The password was given all right, and the watchful guard allowed the boat to land, after which it was drawn up and hidden from sight in a cleft in the rocks, and after saluting, the trio who had just landed climbed the rocky path and entered the smugglers' retreat.

"Oscian! Pierre! Good-evenning to you!" was heard on all sides. "But who is this you have with you?" was asked in all quarters, and two dozen pairs of curious eyes scanned the stranger.

"It is a new recruit—Ned Nolan."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE MYSTERY OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Captain Burton, the British officer, leaped to his feet when the Irish lad sprang from the window, frothing at the mouth and choking with impotent rage.

The landlord—a true adherent of the king, which fact, if known by the young Irish refugee, would have deterred his putting up at the inn—accompanied with others of the same stripe, heard the captain's cry as they were hobnobbing in the bar, and rushed to the rescue.

"What's the matter, mon?" asked the innkeeper, in his broad English. "What 'as 'appened o' ye?"

Burton's choking anger prevented an immediate reply, but seeing a pistol in the hands of one, he snatched it as soon as he recovered powers of locomotion, jumped to the window, and fired at a dark object some feet away, forgetting that by this time the object of his wrath must be at least several blocks away.

Just then one of the party discovered the body of the dead man, and they gathered around it, too horrified for speech.

"The deuce!" hissed Burton. "The Irish 'ound 'as escaped. Look hafter the body, you!" to the landlord, and he bounded from the room, clattered down the stairs and burst into the street.

He shortly met half a dozen soldiers, who on patrol

through the streets, were leisurely going to learn the cause of the shot; for supposing this to be like many another outrage—merely some poor fellow shot by a soldier—they did not wish to arrive until the culprit had made good his escape.

As coherently as his excited condition would allow, Burton gave a description of Ned, and one of the patrol remembered that while sitting on a barrel smoking a cigar he had seen just such a person saunter past him.

"That's the fellow!" cried Burton. "Hafter 'im, men, hand ha guinea to the man what takes 'im!"

In an instant they were off like a pack of bloodhounds, led by the soldier who had seen him, the captain among those who followed.

Ned Nolan was walking quietly along when he heard the heavy tramp of feet behind him.

"I am pursued," he muttered. "Well, they've got to be sharper than weasels to take me, that's all."

And he started onward at an easy jog trot.

"Help!"

Suddenly the cry rang out, and was distinct and clear above the tramp of heavy feet.

"It's not me they're asther at all," thought Ned, coming to a dead halt. "It's some other poor devil. I'll wait and give him a hand."

Usually as keen-witted as a fox, for once the Irish lad was fooled. It was but a frequently practiced ruse at the time, for the British knew that such a cry would always cause the fugitive to think he was mistaken as regarded himself, while the person, if at all high-spirited, would stop to help the brother he imagined to be in distress.

Ned never discovered his mistake until the redcoats were within twenty feet, and the leaden bullets were whizzing about his ears.

"Ye dirty serpents!" he exclaimed, his Irish anger now aroused up fully. "Take that in your skillet, some o' ye!" and he pulled the trigger of his pistol.

A sharp crack, and then came a cry of pain and a heavy fall.

"Ha!" he snarled, drawling his lip up, "how do ye like that? This for you!" and he flung his now useless pistol forcibly into the face of a redcoat who was just in the act of seizing him. The heavy weapon, flung by the muscular hand of the refugee, split the soldier's nose, broke off all of the teeth it struck, and knocked him down.

"Ned Nolan's me name!" he cried, defiantly. "When ye catch me let me know," and away he dashed, the captain and the sound members of the party pursuing, yelling like a pack of hounds.

Ned laughed in his sleeve, for he was able to outrun them all, and with very little exertion managed to keep ahead; but his laugh was changed when he suddenly found his way blocked up by a house, which, standing at the head of a street, caused its termination. He could not turn back; he was in a trap.

He saw all this at a glance, but he had no thought of giving up even then, but clutching his fists until they were as hard as stones, he waited the onslaught.

In a minute he was head over heels in business, and soon floored two of his antagonists. By a lucky accident two others made a mistake on account of the darkness, and each worked away vigorously on the other.

Just then Ned felt a firm grip on his wrist and a low:

"Hist!" reached his ears, and he was noiselessly drawn through an open door. His strange friend led him along a hall, into and through several yards, and so into another street.

"What have you done?" his companion asked.

"Nothing."

"You don't belong here."

"No. I'm from Portland this very day."

"Ah!"

"Yes, and these fellows wanted to get me back to get me hung. Begorra, it don't look much like it now," he said, good-humoredly. "Thanks to ye, me friend."

"Will you trust yourself with me?"

"To be sure I will. Haven't you done me a good turn, and if I don't do the same for ye some day me name's not Ned Nolan, that's all."

They hurried along, and Ned was led into a house and into a lighted room, when he saw that his friend was a tall, slender individual, with a face as smooth as a woman's, and of a dark shade of complexion.

"Frich, I take it?" said Ned.

The stranger turned and added:

"By birth only; I am an American."

The door opened and another person entered. He was darker than the first, heavier built, with a few curly, straggling hairs on his face, which was nearly as dark as an Indian's.

"Is it done?"

The newcomer drew his finger across his throat. It was his only reply, and as the motion was made Ned Nolan thought of the dead man, and instantly jumped at the conclusion that this was the man who had committed the deed, but he said nothing.

"My name is Oscian," said his friend. "This is Pierre."

Ned bowed and shook hands with both of them.

"You say your life is in danger?"

"Yes."

"And do you hate England?"

"As bad as St. Patrick did the snakes and toads he banished from Ireland."

"Would you like to strike a blow against the proud King?"

"Faith, I would."

"It shall be in your power to do so," said Oscian, and then he unfolded the story of the smugglers with whom he was connected.

Needless to say, Ned jumped at the offer of joining them.

He remained housed up for some days, as Pierre had business on hand of some secret nature, and then one night made his entrance on the island as mentioned.

Pierre's black eyes flashed from man to man in the group, and one whispered to another:

"There's mischief in the half-breed's mind."

Pierre was indeed a half-breed, of an Indian mother by a French father, while Oscian was his half-brother, born of his father's French wife.

"Is Slick here?" asked Pierre.

"No."

He said no more, but squatting down before the fire, began contemplating it with a moody air.

Presently footsteps were heard, and a man glided into their midst from the outward darkness.

A grim look and smile lighted up Pierre's features, and walking up to the newcomer he seized him by the wrists, exclaiming:

"Slick, you are a traitor!"

A bombshell dropped in their midst could not have occasioned more surprise than these words; the accused man turned pale as a sheet, and murmured some faltering reply that it was not so.

"You lie!" said Pierre, fiercely. "Last night, at one o'clock, you made a bargain with Captain Burton to betray us, and agreed to lead his men to our retreat to-morrow night. You came here to-night, as I knew you would do, to see if we will be at home to receive them as hosts should always do."

"It is false!" gasped the accused man, his knees knocking together with fright.

"I'll prove it," said Pierre, sternly. "Captain Burton gave you an order for money, so worded that you are only to get it if we are captured, and not until then. That paper is on your person; Oscian, search him."

In his vest pocket was found the proof of his treachery. Now overwhelmed, the wretch went down on his knees and piteously begged for mercy.

"Aye, you hound! such mercy as you would have shown in putting us in prison to rot to death. Come!" and Pierre dragged him to his feet, and, with a rope which was brought, bound his hands.

"Come with me!" he said, and dragging Slick with him, approached a spot where from the bluff above the rock went sheer down to the water.

Those gathered around the fire said no word, but looked at each other. Presently came a report, a shrill cry, a splash at the foot of the bluff, and then in a few minutes Pierre glided noiselessly among them, his face as calm and settled as a child's, bearing nothing to indicate the hand he had taken in the recent tragedy.

There was some mystery about the Boston Lighthouse, and the subject was on everybody's lips.

A British bark was off the coast one night with the light in plain sight. Eight bells (midnight) had just struck, when of a sudden the light disappeared, nor did they see it again all night long, and were compelled to lay to until daylight before entering the harbor.

The light-keeper was interrogated when the ship's captain told the strange story, but he stoutly persisted that such was not the case; and in this he was corroborated by

divers people on Castle Island, who swore that the light had been plainly visible all night long.

In less than two weeks the same thing happened again, and again were the witnesses on each side as positive as before.

The light-keeper was a trustworthy man in every respect, but the British commander, to test these strange affairs, put with him another man.

With two in the lighthouse the same thing happened.

And what made it more strange was that each time this happened there seemed to be a fresh influx of contraband goods into Boston. In vain the English strove to connect these circumstances, the game being too deep for them to see through.

Still a third man, an officer, was placed in the lighthouse.

The trio were gathered in the lantern smoking and talking on the second night after Slick's plunge into eternity. The night wore away and the hour of twelve was fast approaching, when a scene was enacted not unlike those told in fairy tales.

The eyes of three men began to grow heavy and the lids drooped in sympathy. Each looked in a dazed way at his companions, and seeing them in the same condition, sought to rouse himself; but this they could not do, for a fatal spell seemed to be upon them. A quietness almost supernatural hung around the place, broken simultaneously by three indistinct sighs, and the three men occupied, with strong rigidity, the respective positions in which the spell had overtaken them.

The storm-door opened and a slender, lithe figure glided in; it was Oscian.

Taking off a cloak, he screened the light in such a way that it could not be seen out at sea, although visible to all inside the harbor.

He sat on the stool between the three men, while minutes dragged out into hours, the while making a peculiar humming noise something in sound like that made by a cat.

Suddenly he arose, resumed his cloak and passed outside, and a few minutes later the men were awake, and one completed a sentence which had been broken by the spell stealing over him.

That same night, not long before Oscian entered the lantern of the lighthouse, a small boat darted up to Smugglers' Island.

It was Stella Arnow.

"I am to guide you," she simply said to the smuggler lieutenant. "Father can't come, but I know the harbor as well."

Her own boat she left in care of the sentry, and took a seat in one of the large, heavy boats they used in unloading the smack outside of the lighthouse, as they dared not bring a sailing vessel inside for fear of discovery.

Their course lay over a shallow stretch of water, deep enough in all parts to float the boats when empty, but needing a good guide and a thorough knowledge of the bottom to prevent grounding hard and fast when loaded.

Outside the light they found the smack laid to, and in a few minutes the long boats were laid beside her. Then ensued a scene of great activity, yet almost noiseless; the heavy casks and boxes and bundles were transferred with so little noise that a person ten hundred feet away, dependent on his ears, would not have known that it was transpiring.

The boats were loaded, the good-bys were said, the smack stood out to sea once more—while the smugglers, with such piles of things around them that hardly elbow room was left, pulled slowly past the lighthouse and made toward Castle Island, under whose very guns, almost, they were accustomed to run.

The water was growing shallow.

Up rose Stella from her seat in the bow of the boat, and when she dropped from her shoulders the long, black cloak she wore, it revealed her in a dress evidently made for balls and parties. It showed to perfection her splendid figure, and flowed behind as gracefully as artistic drapery.

She faced the stern of the boat, but although the coxswain saw only her back, he knew what she meant when her slender hands moved up or down, or this way or that.

It was growing late, and the blackness of night would soon give way to the approach of day.

Objects could be seen at some distance, and all held their breath as they approached Castle Island, fearing discovery by the sentinels in the fort.

Would they get past in safety?

They fancied not, yet they would not be weaker than

the woman in the bow of the leading boat, who, firm and erect, composed as a statue, only differed from one when the extended, supple arms were gracefully moved up or down.

They were opposite the fort.

A musket's report broke the stillness, and then a brazen-toned bell sounded forth its warning; they were discovered!

Not a muscle moved Stella Arnow, except to brush off her hat and allow it to fall at her feet. Then she remained passive and motionless, but for the moving of her guiding hands.

Loud shouts and cries, and then broke forth the thunder of cannon. Great streams of flame leaped forth from the iron throats of the cannon that frowned from the battlement, huge clouds of sulphurous smoke rolled upward, and a cannon-ball ploughed up the water a few feet in front of the boat.

With no show of fear the heroine stood there, and midst shot and shell guided the smugglers onward.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A TOUGH PLAN.

The cannon boomed sullenly, jets of flame jumped forth from their black throats, and deadly missiles hurtled and whizzed through the air; and though none but brave hearts were within the smugglers' boats, none could repress a start or a shake of the head when a ball struck the water not half a dozen feet in front of the foremost boat's prow, and then went ricochetting for some distance ere it sank.

We made a slight mistake when we said none could repress a start, for there was one that remained as immovable as a statue; it was the lithe, white-robed figure in the bow.

Stella Arnow, if she felt fear, at least showed no sign of it, never forgot herself, and, as if she had not heard the roar of the guns or seen the balls striking dangerously near, moved her extended arms slowly up and down, their movement as graceful and easy as ever, no faster, no slower than before the discovery.

Once only she quickly turned her head and flashed her eye toward the fort, taking in with that transitory glance the frowning walls, the thundering guns, the puffs of flame and smoke, the excited crowd rushing to the boats, the sentry with musket on his shoulder pacing the parapet.

Splash!

A ten-pounder struck the surface near by, and plunging down, sent flying a dense spray which drenched all in the boat, and caused many a one to gasp for breath and half drop his oar.

"Steady!"

It was Stella Arnow who said this, and in a voice as quiet and collected as though she were in her father's parlor, making some commonplace remark.

The men seized their oars with firmer grasp and settled themselves in their seats; they could not and would not allow themselves to show fear when a woman in their midst could be so cool and quiet.

"Pull sharper!" she called, and the men bent closer to their work.

The second boat kept close up, and in a few minutes both were out of the line of range of the heavy guns of the fort, and the danger of being sunk by any chance shot was left behind.

But a greater danger menaced them in the form of the soldiers who had hastily embarked in the small boats belonging to the fort. Loaded with armed men, with no weight but themselves, they could progress more rapidly through the water than the heavily-laden boats of the smugglers, and so from the moment of starting they began to close up the space.

Stella knew all this, and in low tones she encouraged the smugglers to do their best, while with close calculation she shortened distances by guiding them over shallow places when there often was no more than an inch or two of water to spare, and again led them through narrow channels where frowning water dogs projected their slimy heads not more than five feet from either side.

"They're gaining fast!" called the coxswain, after a fleeting glance in the rear.

"Never mind them," said Stella sharply, without turning her head. "Watch me!"

The rebuked coxswain became silent and did as he had

been bidden, and Stella, seemingly as devoid of emotion as a piece of marble, guided them onward, nor turned her head until a musket-ball went whistling over their heads and she heard the report. Then she looked back and saw that the soldiers were within shooting distance and that the men were moving uneasily in their seats.

Crack!

Another bullet went whistling past. It was an order to halt, but Stella paid no attention whatever to it.

Nearer and nearer the redcoats drew, and the men began to murmur among themselves.

"Hist!" said Stella. "Quick! It will be a tough pull for you, but they can never catch us."

Once more the men became silent, and bent to their oars with a new energy.

Crack—crack—crack!

Only a signal, but a very peremptory one, and Stella well knew that the next time those muskets spoke it might be to a purpose. It might speak in tones of death to some of her men.

She could hear the voice of the officer in the leading boat calling to her to stop, and a scornful smile wreathed her lips.

Crack—crack—crack!

A low cry, and she saw one of the men drop his oar and fall into the bottom of the boat. The smugglers were now fully aroused, and in less than ten seconds after their companion's fall a dozen muskets were raised to avenge it.

"Stop!" cried Stella. "Are you fools? They are too strong for us. What we do must be done by superior skill. To the oars and pull as you never pulled before."

Instinctively they knew that she was right, and without an instant's hesitation they dropped the muskets, took the oars and tugged at them until the strong muscles stood out on their arms in knotted bunches, and the oar blades bent near to breaking. They pulled as indeed they had never pulled before.

Once more Stella's back was to the men, and her face was turned ahead and her arms were gracefully directing the course, while the musket reports rang out sharp and fast and bullets whizzed and hissed and splashed in the water around.

The heavy boats almost leaped through the water when Stella suddenly called for greater speed.

"Faster!" she cried. "Faster for just a minute—look out—pull sharp—sharper yet"—a long, sullen, grinding noise—"another good, strong pull—another; we're dragging on bottom—another—we're off—easier now until we see how the other boat does."

The second boat was following the tactics of the first in every respect, and met with the same experience. When Stella saw that they were safely over, she cried:

"Give way again, now, lively, and we're safe! The British can never get over that spot, for I crossed the deepest part of it."

Encouraged by her words, the men gave way again right royally, keeping their eyes fixed on the pursuing boats, and they gave a lusty cheer when of a sudden they saw the boat fetch up sharp and the rowers tumble headlong backward, and they cheered again as they saw another boat suffer the same fate, and as a third fetched up on the rocky ridge they whipped off their hats and swung them around their heads, and gave the pursuers the "tiger."

"Lose no time," said Stella. "They may drag their boats across and continue the pursuit."

Indeed, this was what the officer at once caused his men to do. As soon as they could scramble to their feet he made them leap out and drag the boat across the bar; but when the soldiers piled into their places the boat suddenly filled and the weight of the firearms sank her in the deep water beside the bar, and left her occupants struggling for life. The second boat had also had her bows smashed by coming in contact with the barrier of rock, and sank when she came to the assistance of the other. The third boat was over by this time, and by good fortune saved those who had reached the rock and stood on it knee-deep in water, shivering in the night air.

At a glance the officer saw how useless it would be to continue the pursuit, and sullenly gave the order to drag the boat back across the bar again and return to the fort. He was savage in his manner, for he could hear continually ringing in his ears the taunting cheers of the escaping smugglers, and besides that he had caught a glimpse of his rueful-looking self, and knew that his suit was spoiled.

And as the smugglers slowly disappeared in the distance, the last they saw of the soldiers was as they were draw-

ing the boat across the bar, and a smile rested on Stella Arnow's face as she thought:

"I wonder how the bull-dogs will like this?"

Carefully she guided them across the remaining shallow water, and then resuming her cloak and hat, sat quietly in the bow until the sentry had challenged and received the countersign and the boats had grated on the beach. Then springing out, she entered the light boat she had come in and soon was lost in the hazy darkness of early morning as she pulled away to the mainland.

Choosing the least frequented streets, and making a detour, she entered her father's house by a back way. Her knock at the door, speedily answered, and she was caught in the arms of Captain Gid.

"I see by your face that you have been successful," he said.

"Yes," was the reply. "Was my absence noticeable?"

"It was remarked upon," was her father's reply. "Captain Burton wished to know what became of you after dinner, and I told him that you had gone to your room with a headache."

"We had a pretty close shave, though," said Stella.

"What was it?" asked Captain Gid anxiously, in reply to which question Stella gave him a brief outline of what occurred.

Captain Gid went back to his private room, and sat down in his easy-chair, where he remained for a long while, smiling and rubbing his hands.

"Egad! Stella's a trump!" he exclaimed. "I little thought when she was a little quizzing minx that the knowledge she got out of me about the harbor bottom would ever be used to such good purpose. Ha! ha! it couldn't have happened better, for this will tend to quiet the suspicions against me, which might impair my usefulness if it wasn't hushed up. And Captain Burton—ha! ha!—it's rich!" and he nodded his head sagaciously.

Captain Burton, with whom our readers are acquainted, had chanced to see Stella on the street one day, and had at once sought her father out and obtained an introduction, which led to his being invited to the house. Captain Gid shrewdly sought to be on good terms with Burton for the effect it would have; so Burton had kept calling at different times, bringing with him other officers connected with the British army; the evening before Burton had dropped in with Colonel Brower, his superior officer, and three other officers, much to Captain Gid's dismay, for he wished to go to the island that night. This, of course, he dared not now do, and he was left in a quandary, which, however, his visitors saw no trace of, for he was more bland and agreeable than ever, and presided at the dinner table as if he were not in his heart wishing his visitors buried a thousand fathoms beneath the sea.

After dinner Stella beckoned her father out, and after a few minutes' conversation Captain Gid entered the parlor smiling; but Stella did not reappear, although her mother, a younger sister, and a cousin from near by, came in to entertain the visitors; but Burton was gloomy, for Stella was the attraction to him, and he learned from her father that she would not be visible again that evening.

He roamed around the parlor a while, and then played whist with Captain Gid, while his companions chatted with the ladies. As the clock struck twelve he rose and sauntered to the window, giving the colonel a nudge as he passed, to intimate that it was time to go; and then, with a yawn, he remarked:

"The lighthouse is visible from here, I see, Captain Gid?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"There's something strange in that story about it's going out at midnight, isn't there?"

"There is, for a truth," said Captain Gid.

"I can't understand," put in the colonel. "It's after twelve now, but I can swear it's burning now, can't you?"

"I'll take an oath it is," said Burton confidently; "can't you, Captain Arnow?" he asked, looking at him just too late to see a queer smile that had been playing about the captain's mouth.

"It's plain enough to be seen from here," said Captain Gid, but neither of them noticed the slight stress he placed on the last word, and then he bade them good-night and had a nap of several hours in a chair before he began to look for Stella's return.

His visitors were ready to swear they saw the light at midnight and after; what, then, was their astonishment,

when, the next day, the captain of a newly-arrived British ship, with munitions of war, swore that it had not been visible at that time.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE CROWN DETECTIVE.

The story told by the captain of the British man-of-war's man was that he had arrived nearly abreast of the lighthouse. After cruising around an hour or more, he put out to sea again, not daring to venture entering the harbor in the darkness, nor yet to lay to in such dangerous proximity to the coast.

An aide-de-camp of the general commanding was at once sent off to the lighthouse, but his trip only sunk the matter in deeper mystery, for the three men swore the light had not been out all night long. They said nothing of the strange sleep that had enthralled them, nor did they even mention it among themselves, for each had an idea that he had been sleeping all the time while his companions had been wide awake, and they were positive the light had not been out by the quantity of material consumed being fully as much, if not more, than was usually used by the lamp over night.

Colonel Brower and Captain Burton were sitting in the captains tent talking over this and the news that was brought early from the fort of the rencontre with the smugglers, when the general, passing, asked them to step to his headquarters. It was easy to be seen that he was in no very good humor, and he rather savagely turned on Burton with the remark:

"I thought you informed me that you had gained a knowledge of the smugglers that would put an end to them?"

"So I thought I had," returned Burton humbly. "I had made arrangements with one of their number to betray them. According to an understanding between us, I went one night to conclude the bargain. Arrived at the place of meeting, I found he had been murdered. Another one of their number is now absent, but has promised when he returns to lead our people to their stronghold."

"Who is he?" was the tart question.

"His name is Slick."

"Well, well!" said the general testily, "something must be done. Here's the lighthouse dark and the smugglers running in contraband goods under the very guns of the fort, and in the face of myself and thousands of soldiers."

"As to the light—"

"Well, what of the light?" demanded the general, as Burton hesitated.

"Colonel Brower and myself saw it burning after midnight, I'll take my oath to that."

"So will I," said Brower.

"Well, well! see to it, Captain Burton, that you do something. Good-day!" and he plunged into a file of papers waiting his inspection.

With a military salute the officers left the general's quarters and repaired again to Burton's. The colonel soon after left, but Burton had been alone but a few minutes when an orderly ushered in a tall, rather thickly-set man, who dropped into a chair in a familiar manner, with the salutation:

"Well, old man, how are you?"

"Biddle, as I live!" gasped Burton.

"At your service," was the reply, with a mock obeisance.

"Why, how is this?" said Burton anxiously, while his face paled slightly. "Are you no longer a—a—"

"A crown detective?" said Biddle, finishing the sentence. "Yes."

"Why are—you—you—here?" faltered Burton.

"In this country, do you mean, or in this hive of yours? If you mean the latter, just for a friendly chat; if you mean the former, I'm here in search of a man."

"Who?"

"A fellow that I thought you might know, a certain Ned Nolan."

"I do," said Burton eagerly; "and I've seen him lately."

"You have? Where?"

Burton related the incidents with which the reader is already acquainted.

"Then he is here in Boston?" said Biddle, in a reflective tone.

"He was; but whether he is now or not I couldn't say," replied Burton.

"If he is I'll find him, without any doubt. I'm fortunate

in striking his trail so easily. Well, Burton, I'll leave you now, but will drop in frequently to see you.

"It'll be a pleasure to me, I assure you," said Burton, but the grimace with which he said these words and a certain gulp as if he were endeavoring to swallow a lump which had caught in his throat, seemed to be the opposite of corroboration for his words.

Not were they unnoticed by Biddle, who arched his eyebrows and went away, softly whistling to himself.

A trifle less overbearing, a share less jaunty, Captain Burton drew rein at Captain Arnow's door. A servant informed him that Miss Stella would be right down; she did not keep him waiting, and in a few minutes they were speeding along the streets from which they debouched into an open country road.

Stella was playing a deep game with Burton, and piece by piece artfully drew from him such information as he possessed as could be of service to the little band of smugglers, who, though their vocation was unlawful, were nevertheless patriots for striking at the king who ground them down, for showing in what contempt they held the soldiery that had been sent to destroy their liberties, to stamp out the high and noble aspirations that distinguish the human being from the servile dog.

Gradually conversation drifted around until it reached the topic Stella most wished, the smugglers.

"So you British soldiers were not smart enough to catch them?" arching her brows as she spoke.

"They got away, it is true," he said, in a vexed tone. "One would think you a traitor to the king to hear you talk sometimes."

"Really, that's too bad," said Stella, in a tone intended to be grave, but which she could not altogether rid of a little banter. "What can I do to prove my loyalty?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "But do you know, I have sometimes thought you were more than half rebel?"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Stella, in an assumed tone of surprise. "Pray assure me that you have—that you have changed your mind."

"So I have."

"Dear—dear!" and she bent a keen glance on him from the corners of her downcast eyes. "What a pass things have come to that I should have been even suspected of being a rebel. It would not surprise me now to even hear that my father has been suspected of treason to the king."

"So he has," replied Burton.

"What!" cried Stella. "Captain Burton, you don't mean it?"

"I do. But this very morning the general intimated that your father knew more of last night's affair than was right, but I defended him by telling him that I had passed the evening at your house."

"Thank you, captain; I am sure it was very kind." Ah, could he have seen the sparkle in her eye. "And was the general satisfied, then?"

"Quite so—quite; but, as you may imagine, was more than out of humor, and swears to draw and quarter the smugglers."

"When he catches them," said Stella dryly.

"The gal has pumped him dry," thought Captain Gid, catching a glimpse of her triumphant face as she entered the house; and so she had.

## CHAPTER VI.

### AN ENGLISHMAN'S GRATITUDE.

The smugglers laid close on their island while Pierre, the halfbreed, went to the mainland to make arrangements for the landing of the goods they had run in.

At the expiration of two days Pierre returned, and after a few words to Yankee Davis, next in command after Captain Gid Arnow, the smugglers went briskly to work at the goods. Meanwhile Pierre singled out the young Irishman.

"Your name's Ned Nolan?"

"Yes."

"You're a fugitive from the old country?"

"I am."

"There's a crown detective here after you," said Pierre

"How did you find that out?" asked Ned.

Pierre shook his head negatively to imply that he could not tell him, and turning suddenly on his heel, left him alone. Ned thoughtfully resumed the work he had ceased performing when Pierre addressed him. Soon all was in readiness, when he was addressed by Yankee Davis:

"Would you just as soon pull a small boat to the mainland?"

"Certainly," said Ned.

"You remember the old house overhanging the water?"

"Yes."

"Well, take your boat into the second slip to the south of that. Go straight into the bulkhead, and there you will discover the mouth of a sewer. Men will be in waiting to take the things lying in the bottom of the boat."

Ned pulled on at an even pace, and finally he saw looming up through the darkness the old house that overhung the water. He then changed the course of his boat and sought the second slip from it, into which he glided a minute later to find it black and grim-looking, and apparently as deserted as the grave.

Pulling to the bulkhead, he inquired the time of night in a low voice, and received, in low tones, the proper reply, and then a low voice called:

"This way a little."

Moving in the direction of the voice, Ned saw the mouth of the sewer and recognized several of the smugglers in it. They took the goods he handed them and disappeared.

Leaving by way of the sewer, Ned entered his boat and pulled under the pier, where he sat for some few moments in thought.

"I'll do it!" he exclaimed suddenly.

A strong fancy had taken hold of him to go over the ground of his flight for life, and this was what the exclamation referred to. Fastening his boat, he went to the street before the old house overhanging the water, and then commenced retracing his steps.

Turning now and then and walking briskly, he reached the cul de sac into which he had been trapped, and where he must have either been made prisoner or met his death, but for Oscian's kindly help. In its farther end Ned saw a figure slowly slinking around and examining the doors and walls.

A thought flashed across his mind. Probably Burton had seen the detective and told him of the fight that had taken place there. Might not this be the detective seeking to learn how he had so mysteriously disappeared?

Ned's suspicions were not without foundation. His reasoning, too, had been correct, for it had all come around precisely in that way.

Fascinated and held to the spot, Ned watched the detective's movements for over half an hour. At the expiration of that time Biddle gave up the task and stepped briskly toward the street.

Ned fell back into a deep doorway, and went to searching his pockets rapidly. Out came a pencil and a piece of an envelope. On this he hastily scribbled a few words, and then hastened after the detective, who, having turned at the sound of footsteps close behind, was accosted by Ned.

"Sir, here is a note that was to reach you; let me deliver it."

"Who is it from?"

"It will explain itself."

"And who are you?"

"That it will also explain; good-night and pleasant dreams," and before Biddle had a chance to say anything Ned was gone. An oil lamp lighted up the street at the next corner, and to this Biddle hurried, and opening the folded piece of paper, read:

"Ned Nolan's compliments to an old bloodhound, and may you be hung for your trouble in trying to hunt me down."

He had been accosted by the very man he was searching for.

The astonished detective gasped for breath, and then started wildly in the direction Ned had taken, but though he searched far and wide, he had to give over at last, and turned his steps toward his hotel.

Ned wisely beat a precipitate retreat after giving Biddle the note, and reaching his boat, pulled out from the pier. He had gone but a short distance, however, when he saw looming up in the darkness a small sailboat. The wind was blowing very fresh, and something in the way the craft was handled made Ned fear they would upset, so he watched them closely. They were trying to make a pier close by, but ran way past it, and when they brought about to stand back, Ned heard loud cries for help, and saw them go over. Quickly turning the prow of his boat that way, never thinking of any danger he might run himself, he

arrived just in time to catch, by the hair, a head that was going down for the last time. By much exertion he got the person into the boat, and then tying the painter around the bow of the sail-boat, pulled for the shore. By the time he reached there the inmate of his boat was quite recovered, and commenced cursing in round terms those who sat astride of the capsized boat for not attempting to help him.

Ned wondered that they bore this so meekly, but did not guess at the truth until, kindly assisting home the man he had saved, he found himself in the apartments of the English general, who had been spending the evening in the man-of-war, and had been returning when the accident occurred.

The general stepped into another room, and soon returned clad in a fatigue suit. He looked at Ned sharply, and then his eye roved about the room; on the desk he saw a parcel done up in brown paper, with his name on it, and at once commenced undoing it. Then a hoarse cry of surprise and anger burst from his lips, as his eyes rested on a human head; pinned to its hair was a paper reading:

"This was Slick—the would-be traitor!"

"Horrible!" gasped the general, and dropped into a chair. By an effort he gained control of himself and said hoarsely: "I feel so strange—a spell is stealing over me. What is it?"

His strength seemed to slowly depart, he sank back in his chair, the upraised arm slowly descended until it rested by his side, the eyes became fixed, but they saw nothing, only blank space was before them. He sighed and breathed so faintly that it could scarce be seen; it was the same terrible kind of a spell that had overtaken those in the lighthouse—and Oscian glided into the room.

## CHAPTER VII.

### OSCIAN'S WORK.

Ned Nolan could not have been more surprised than he was by the sight of Oscian gliding into the room. It was a greater surprise than the first, occasioned by seeing the general sink into that strange, slumberous state.

A fear had come upon him that some mortal sickness had seized upon the general's vitals, and he would have called for help but for Oscian's entrance. The snaky Frenchman understood Ned's feelings at the first glance, and softly whispered:

"There's no danger—he's all right! Close the door!"

Without a word Ned obeyed, and then stood by it watching Oscian, who advanced to the general's side, pulled out his watch and looked at the time, then put it back, pulled up a chair to the table or desk and began to coolly overhaul the general's private papers.

He took them up in the succession in which they had been placed by the general, read each over carefully, made notes of some, took extracts from some, and copied others entire.

He had been occupied in this way nearly an hour when there came a knock at the door, which gave Ned a start, and he cast an anxious glance toward Oscian, who never changed color a particle, nor allowed a muscle to twitch, but coolly replied:

"In half an hour."

And had not Ned seen his lips move he would have sworn it was not Oscian who spoke, but the general, so like the genuine was the Frenchman's simulated tone of voice.

Then Ned could hear the orderly "right about face," and march off down the hall, at which he could not smother a sigh of relief.

In fifteen minutes more Oscian signified that he had finished.

"Do you wish to leave the general any message?" he asked, waving his hand toward the writing materials.

"By the powers, yes!" cried Ned, and sitting down in the chair vacated by Oscian, Ned penned these lines:

"Dear General—It is not the most polite thing in the world to go to sleep in the presence of company, even if it is only a poor Irish lad. Seeing that you have done so, I shall be equally impolite in leaving you without paying any respects. But one bit of advice I'd like to give you is this—

say your prayers and keep them said up close—for if you should ever tumble into the water again there is one person who wouldn't turn a finger to save ye, and that person is the one who now sends his compliments, and signs himself—in spite of all the generals and detectives in the world."

"Ned Nolan."

"Faix," he said to himself, as he glanced over what he had written, "it's just as well to be a little defiant-like. They respect you the more for it."

Putting this where the general's eyes would rest on it the moment he opened them, Ned signified that he was ready to go.

"Come on, then," said Oscian; "and step softly."

Ned nodded acquiescence, and followed Oscian as he glided along the hall toward the interior of the house and down a flight of stairs to the kitchen hall, past the kitchen door, down another flight of stairs to the cellar, across that, up some stone steps and through a pair of old-fashioned slanting cellar doors, which Oscian raised, into the night beyond.

Oscian still led the way, and Ned noiselessly followed him across the yard to the rear of an old woodshed.

"Now we're safe," said Oscian, "and have no further need of particular caution, although every street in the city is alive with danger if we prove careless. Let me suggest a thing: Give no more notes to detectives."

"What!" gasped Ned. "How did you find that out?" and with an undefined feeling of dread he shrank slightly from his dark-faced companion.

Oscian smiled a strange, queer smile, while his black eyes twinkled and glittered.

"I know," he said, "that is enough! I like you, Ned Nolan, or I would not warn you; above all, you can be of use to us in tormenting the English, and any imprudence might make you more than useless; be careful."

At a street corner a few blocks distant Oscian parted with Ned, after being assured by the Irish lad that he could find his way alone to his boat. He found the boat and entered it.

After a brisk pull Ned drew near Smugglers' Island, received the signal, and giving the proper reply, was allowed to land.

Recognizing him, the sentinel said, with a laugh:

"In troubl'e the first time you went ashore, eh? I'm afraid you'll get your liberty stopned."

Replying with a shrug of his shoulders, Ned started up the steep path to the rendezvous, where he found gathered all those he had seen a few hours before in the house above the sewer, and was greeted by Yankee Davis with:

"Well, young man, I'm glad to see you back. You failed to remember the warning you received before you left, and got into a peck of trouble. You must be more circumspect for our sakes as well as your own, or you will have to remain on the island. So you saved the general's life?"

"How do you know that?" cried Ned, in amazement, which was so evident as to draw forth a laugh from his questioner.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### NED MEETS STELLA IN MEN'S CLOTHES.

The general heaved a deep sigh, moved in a sluggish way, his eyelids twitched and parted slightly, and he became dimly conscious of the light of the lamp, and the surroundings as a whole, but was yet enthralled with a heaviness of mind, a lack of perception, and seemed in a dreamy state; that condition just between waking and sleeping, when you are conscious of things going on about you only as if seen through a veil of mist and fog.

So when a knock came at his door the general gave no reply, though conscious of its occurrence. When it was repeated, louder and more distinct, it aroused him up completely, and he started bolt upright in his chair and gazed stupidly about him as if trying to remember what he was doing there. Then his eyes chanced to fall on the traitor's head, when quick as lightning an angry flush dyed his face and forehead, and a quick glance revealed the fact that Ned was gone.

Quickly covering the ghastly object he had so strangely received, he growled out in response to a third knock:

"Come in—come in! What are you standing out there for all night?"

The door opened and the orderly entered, made a salute, and came to a halt.

The general took out his watch, which, as he glanced at it, caused an expression of surprise to light his face, concealing which he angrily cried:

"Sirrah! what do you mean by coming here a full three-quarters of an hour behind your time?"

"I was here, sir; half an hour ago; the door was shut; I knocked, and a voice from inside said: 'Come in half an hour.' It may have been some one else, sir; the young fellow who came in with you when you had stepped out for a few minutes, perhaps?" said the orderly eagerly.

The general began to understand the matter himself, but it would not do for him to take water before the orderly, so he curled his lip contemptuously as if he still believed him a liar, and then briskly and sharply said:

"You mentioned the young fellow you saw come in with me. Have you seen him go out?"

"No, sir," hesitatingly answered the badgered orderly.

"And yet he's gone."

The orderly looked helplessly about the apartment, but made no reply.

"You have been on duty at the foot of the front stairs all this while?"

"I have, sir."

"Enough—you may go. I have no orders for such a man as you," and the poor fellow went away, quaking with fear, leaving the general quaking with rage, for as the orderly was backing out he had picked up and read Ned Nolan's note.

"Now, by all the saints, this is awful—awful!" hissed the general, and then compressing his lips grimly, he added: "This shall be looked into in the morning."

A suspicion flashed across his mind that his papers might have been tampered with, and he began to scrutinize them carefully, but could find no trace of their having been disturbed. Oscian always did his work well. Delicate of touch, light of foot, keen as a fox, fleet as a greyhound, he never left any traces behind.

The next morning Captain Burton received a summons to headquarters, and went there, wondering what was in the wind.

Saluting humbly, to curry favor, he coughed, settled himself in his clothes, and looked askance at the general.

"I sent for you to have a talk about the smugglers. Have you advanced any yet?"

"I am sorry to say not as yet, but you will please to reflect that it was only night before last when you so urgently requested my pushing the matter. I can assure you I have done all that could be accomplished in one day."

"You have so!" sneered the general, in a way that made Burton feel particularly uncomfortable.

"Yes, sir."

"And have you seen the man you took in your employ?"

"Again I am sorry to say I have not," replied Burton. "But Slick will not disappoint me, I feel quite sure."

"No, he will not disappoint you," said the general. "He is here."

"Here?" gasped Burton. "Where?"

For reply his superior drew off the screen of paper and Burton started back aghast at sight of the head of the traitor.

"Done slick enough, I suppose, to suit even you," said the general grimly. "Sit down; you look weak."

Burton accepted the invitation and sank into a chair. Recovering the use of his wits in a few minutes, he began talking volubly in his own defense, until he was silenced by the general, who, in a short, grim conversation that followed, placed the heavy responsibility on Burton's shoulders of doing something toward hunting down the smugglers. Burdened by the responsibility thus forced on him, Burton went back to his own quarters with head and shoulders bent down.

"I must go and apologize," he thought, and having had his hair dressed, he made his way to the Arnow mansion, receiving a warm welcome at Stella's hands, who graciously said his dereliction had not been taken as a slight, for she felt sure that nothing but a stern duty could keep the captain from her side.

Stella knew what she was about, and shrewdly twisted him around her finger.

This information must be imparted that night, so Captain Gid decided when she told him what she had learned, and then his face became grave, and he thoughtfully said:

"I hardly know how to accomplish it, though, Stella. That fellow I pointed out to you I have learned is a crown

detective by the name of Biddle. He shadows the house night and day, and I'm almost afraid to venture out."

"Papa," said Stella, after a moment's reflection, "will Oscian be at the place of meeting?"

"Yes."

"Then I will go."

"No, no, Stella; a woman would be too noticeable now. During the past week many changes have taken place. The streets are guarded where they diverge into the country, and a woman is never seen at night."

"Wait here," said Stella, and then hastened from the apartment.

In a short while the door opened, and Captain Gid gasped at the transformation he saw—Stella, changed into a tall, well-developed young man. She blushed as her father's eyes rested on her, and said:

"Now, don't say anything about the immodesty, papa. It's all for my country's sake, and, besides, no one will see me but Oscian, and him I shall not mind. As for you—and her arms went around his shaggy neck—"I am sure you will never think less of me."

"No, never, never!" cried Captain Gid. "Stella, you're a trump. Yes, I can trust you. Go ahead."

"Tell mamma."

"I will."

And so Stella crept forth on her mission, escaped the observation of that watch-dog, the crown detective, and then at a rapid gait started toward a place where Captain Gid and Oscian had frequently met at night, and whither the latter always resorted at a particular hour. It was the cul de sac in which Ned had been trapped the night Oscian rescued him.

Toward this point, then, Stella Arnow hurried, and she was within a block of it when she heard a footstep close behind her. Half halting, she let a man go by who looked sharply at her as he passed, went on a few steps, then suddenly turned on her.

"What's the time of night?"

"Twelve o'clock," replied Stella.

"And—"

"All's well," she added, and then the young man quickly asked:

"You were going to meet Oscian?"

"Yes."

"Then don't go. Faix, the redcoats have smelled out the spot and are a-watchin' of it this blessed minute," said Ned Nolan, for he it was. "Oscian isn't there the night, and sent me in his stead. Have you news for us?"

Stella had recognized the young Irishman, and her cheeks were crimson at being caught by him in the guise she wore, and so taken aback was she that, for a minute or two she could not speak. Something in his quiet, off-hand manner of speaking, the entire lack of anything like surprise, led her to hope that he had not recognized her, and controlling herself, she gave him a hasty outline of the information in her possession.

## CHAPTER IX.

### NED A PRISONER.

After Yankee Davis had finished the laugh in which he had indulged at sight of Ned's amazement, he replied:

"Easy enough. Pierre saw the whole occurrence, and informed us of it before we left the house where you saw us."

"Oh!" said Ned, in such a hearty way that they all had a laugh at his expense, which he did not at all mind, but helped them to enjoy it better by saying:

"Laugh away, me gossoons, ye do it neatly."

The next few days passed very quietly on the island, and Pierre came out and remained a couple of days. On the day that Burton called on Stella, Oscian visited Smuggler's Island, and at once he and Pierre plunged into a mysterious and lengthy conversation, at the conclusion of which Oscian drew Ned aside and said:

"Irish Ned, I am going to prove that I trust you now. There is not one of our old men you see there but would jump at the opportunity that I am going to give you—well—because I have told you some of my history, and because we both have common ground in hating the English. You remember the place where I first met you?"

"Is it the place where I was cornered by them redcoats? Aye, I remember it well, that I do."

"Every night at one o'clock I am accustomed to be there to meet Captain Arnow in case he wishes to send information to the island. I want you to take my place to-night."

"Faix, I'll do that same with pleasure," said Ned. "But mayhap you'll remember I don't know this same Captain Arnow, though I would know his daughter anywhere, heaven bless her purty eyes."

"Well," said Oscian, "he is a large man, which is about all you could tell in the darkness. The safest way is to give our countersign."

"Aye, I'll do that same."

"And one other thing, Irish Ned, be careful, be discreet. They keep sentinels all along the water's edge now and through the outskirts; you must get through without being seen."

"I'll do it, never fear," replied Ned confidently; and when he had shaken the silent, dark, mysterious Oscian by the hand, that individual joined Pierre and they disappeared down the rocky path leading to the shore.

Ned waited until nearly midnight, and then, seated in a light boat, pulled across the bay toward the city.

After many careful inquiries of his smuggler companions he had selected a place to land, which, in the opinion of a majority of those he had consulted, was the safest.

But despite his precautions he suddenly found himself confronted by a sentinel, who had been screened by a projecting house. The sentinel at once challenged, and presented his musket.

For just one second Ned was nonplussed, and then giving a pitch to one side, he stood unsteadily on his feet a second and then lurched the other way, at the same time assuming a maudlin tone and air, and with many hiccoughs he said:

"Is zis Bos'n, that a man should be stopped in ze streets?"

Now "Boston" happened to be the countersign that night and this was about the only word that Ned uttered that was perfectly intelligible to the sentinel.

"I've a good notion to run you in," said the guard.

"Don't ye do it," said Ned, with a grand wave of the hand. "On the general's private business—had a little suthin'—drink—that's all—want password—le' me zee—" and he lurched heavily against the guard, who gave him a shove onward, with the surly remark:

"You're lying, and I know it; and if there was anything to be made by it I'd run' you in; but as there ain't, why, get along lively."

Laughing in his sleeve, Ned rolled along until he had turned the corner. Glancing back and seeing the sentinel standing as he had left him, Ned thought all danger of pursuit was over, straightened himself and briskly walked onward. The sentinel, however, was not so easily imposed upon, and overcoming his desire to avoid taking any trouble for nothing, he hastened to the corner, only to hear Ned's distant footfalls, not wavering and uncertain, but clear and distinct, every one.

"The bloody snoozer!" growled the Englishman. "I'll not be fuddled and fooled this way," and he gave a low, clear call which Ned so indistinctly heard as not to be alarmed by it.

Another sentinel responded to the call, and another, and more, until their party numbered five, when they hurried after Ned, who, true to his Irish characteristics, was whistling gaily for his own amusement.

"The omadhauns!" he exclaimed, when the redcoats stopped in front of the cul de sac, and then entered it, all but one, who remained outside, just far enough to see up and down the street. "They're after me again and I'll dance 'em a jig if they catch Ned Nolan, so I will!"

When the sentry's back was turned he stole away, and as the reader has seen, accosted Stella Arnow in time to prevent her going to the place of meeting. To make sure of not addressing the wrong person, Ned had delayed giving the signal until hard on the cul de sac. Had they instantly faced about they might have been unseen, but they erred in standing where they met; for just as Stella had finished her communication and when Ned was swelling with pride at being trusted with such important news, there came a rush of feet, and they saw the redcoats flying toward them.

"We must separate!" cried Ned, low and quick. "Ye start first and I'll draw 'em off after me when ye get a start. Go—party eyes—ye mustn't be seen in men's clothes by them heathens."

"Then you know me?" gasped Stella, more taken aback by this for the moment than the danger that threatened.

"Yes—yes—go—go—party eyes—I'll never breathe a word on't. Ned Nolan's me name and me word is as good as me cath—go—go!"

Stella waited no longer, but darted away, leaving Ned to face the five redcoats, who by this time were hard upon him. He drew out his pistol and stood upon the defensive, and they halted when within a few feet.

"Do you surrender?"

"What do you want?" demanded Ned, listening to the fall of Stella's flying feet.

"We want you."

"What for?"

"Come, now," was growled out, "throw up your arms!"

"So you want me?" he quizzed.

"Yes, and we mean to have you."

"Then come and take me!" shouted Ned, and turning suddenly, dashed away like a greyhound.

Crack—crack—crack!

On—on—like the wind, and Ned was beginning to laugh with triumph. On—on—the flying bullets whistling wide of their mark; on—on—with the hubbub and noise growing louder and louder; on—on—the din of shouting voices, banging doors and raised windows; on—on—and into the arms of two sentinels hurrying from a direction opposite to the one he was pursuing.

Up came his ready pistol, but ere he could use it it was knocked from his hand, a blow felled him to the ground, and Ned Nolan, name or no name, was a prisoner.

## CHAPTER X.

### NED IN PRISON.

The blow which Ned received on the head, besides knocking him down, generally confused his ideas, for, as he afterward described it to Oscian, he seemed to see a succession of vivid flashes of light, accompanied by a warring sound, that induced the impression that a whole pack of artillery had gone off within ten feet of him.

Certain it is that he crawled to his feet with his face wearing a dazed look of astonishment, and he was surrounded on all sides by redcoats before he could collect his scattered senses.

Without much loss of time they marched him off to the lock-up, where he spent the remainder of the night.

It was near noon of the next day when he was taken out and hurried before a sort of court, or more resembling a petty court-martial, being composed of several British officers. One of the judges that day chanced to be Colonel Brower, who will be remembered as Captain Burton's friend and companion in visiting Captain Gid's house on the night of Stella's brave piloting of the smugglers beneath the guns of the fort. Burton had dropped in to exchange compliments with the colonel, and was doing so when Ned was led in.

He started in surprise, and then a look of joy flashed across his face, and he exclaimed:

"Colonel, here's luck!"

"What?"

"See the prisoner?"

"Yes."

"It's Ned Nolan, the young Irish fugitive."

"The fellow who shot the Marquis of Kerry?"

"Yes," said Burton eagerly. "And a desperate fellow he is. Commit him to a strong cell in the jail, colonel—the lock-up wouldn't hold him an hour if he wanted to get out."

Ned was speedily arraigned.

The fooled sentinel was on hand, and stepping briskly forward, said:

"Suspicious character, sir; could not give the countersign; pretended to be drunk, so I let him go hon a way, found he was skylarking, harrested 'im; he gave us a 'eap hof trouble, sir."

"That'll do," was the officer's reply. "We'll hold him, guard, and let me congratulate you on the arrest. Convey this fellow to the city prison," waving his hand toward Ned, who submitted quietly to being led away, knowing well that it would be more than foolish to offer any resistance under the circumstances, while Burton, bidding Brower a hasty good-day, hurried away to inform the crown detective of Ned's arrest and incarceration in prison.

As Ned was marched through the streets he heard loud

murmurs of sympathy on all sides from people who flocked to doorways and windows as he passed.

He went onward with a lighter heart and step now, for he felt sure that the halfbreed and his mysterious brother Oscian would not leave him to be sent back to England to be hung, without at least attempting to help him escape.

The jail or prison was reached, and Ned was locked up in a strong cell with one grated window high from the floor.

A couple of hours after being locked up he received a visit from the detective, Biddle, who had at last been found by Captain Burton, and who had received the news with the most extravagant manifestations of joy. For in his secret heart he had many misgivings about ever capturing Ned, yet not wishing to return to England and be disgraced by not having him a prisoner.

To the detective's crowing remarks Ned answered in a quiet, dignified way; nor raised his voice above an ordinary tone until Biddle said, with malignant glee:

"You've got a fine neck for stretching, and, Ned, when it is stretched I promise you one thing—that your mother shall be there to see it done."

Then Ned's flashing eyes were fixed seriously on the detective, and he cried:

"You low-lived hound! your lips are too foul that my mother's name should ever cross them; and for the stretching of my neck, 'twill be many a long day before ye see that same done. Ye spawn of the gutter—ye bull-necked beef-jerker, I'd kill meself before givin' the likes o' ye the pleasure o' takin' me back across the say. Do ye think ye'll do it?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Biddle. "Do I think I'll do it? I'll swear to it!"

"Faith," he exclaimed, "I'll swear to the contrary. And moind what I now say to ye, I'll be out of this place in less nor three days!"

Biddle started at the firm ring in Ned's tones, and gazed searchingly at him as if to read in his mind any plan of escape that might be lingering there, then glanced apprehensively around the cell and at the guard.

"Pshaw! it is impossible!" he thought, and then with a low, derisive laugh he said to the sentry:

"Do you hear that? He says he's going to escape inside of three days. Did you hear it?"

The sentry nodded his head and grimly tapped his pistol butts to indicate, "just let him try it!"

Biddle left him, very slowly, but evidently was uneasy in mind, for his face appeared at the grated door a number of times during the afternoon and evening. Ned saw it for the last time that night just as the guard was about to be relieved, which was therefore twelve o'clock.

Ned soon after threw himself down on the low cot, and lay there musing over his situation, and wondering whether Stella Arnow had reached home safely, and trying to imagine where Pierre and Oscian were, and whether the smugglers had yet received the information he had been unable to deliver; and while wondering, sank into dreamland.

His waking was then and ever afterward a mystery to him. It occurred some time after midnight, when he felt as if some invisible hand were laid upon him. That some invisible hand or force caused him to rise to a sitting position, and swing his feet off the cot and place them on the floor. He was sensible of a strange, dreamy feeling, as if his faculties were bound up and could not be used. His eyes moved mechanically around until they rested on his guard, who was leaning heavily back in his chair as motionless as a dead man. Ned's senses were so benumbed that this occasioned no surprise, nor did he plan to do what he immediately did, that is, to rise from his bed, softly cross the floor, insert his hand in the sentry's pocket, take out the key, unlock the door, and step out into the hall—when the numbness was gone like a flash and he was himself again.

## CHAPTER XI.

### NED CLAIMS THE REWARD.

Stella Arnow grew more than scarlet when she became aware that the Irish youth had recognized her, and it will be remembered that for a minute or two she was too dumbfounded to stir.

Then, recalled to a sense of her danger by Ned's urgent entreaty to fly, she took to her heels, and Ned having drawn them off her track, she reached home in safety.

Panting for breath, she entered the house, receiving a greeting from Captain Gid as much of alarm as surprise at her flushed face and hard breathing.

When she was composed she related what had occurred, bemoaning the penetration of her disguise with hot and burning red face, and wondering if Ned had got away in safety.

"I sincerely hope so," said Captain Gid, "as the information you gave him can't reach the island too quickly. I will wake your mother and take a nap myself so as to be out early in the morning. As to your being known by the young Irishman, my dear, do not grieve yourself, for as a gentleman he will never mention it to any one else; and, besides, if he ever meets you in your proper guise he cannot fail to see that you are a lady, even though you dressed in men's clothing once."

Comforted by these reflections, Stella left her father and repaired to her own room, where, musing over the occurrences of the night, she suddenly paused and murmured:

"I will no longer regret having been seen in that attire. No, never; my country, for thy sake I would appear before the world at large and laugh at the scorn directed at me by lukewarm fools."

Mrs. Arnow was only too glad to be of some service to the cause, and readily accepted the task of remaining awake until morning so as to arouse her husband early.

After a nap of several hours Captain Gid was awakened according to his directions, and at once started out. Sauntering along, he gradually approached the house above the sewer; the store was just being opened when he paused in front of it, and with a nod to the young man who was taking down the shutters, he glided into the store and through it to a back room, pulling a bell-cord in one corner.

"Morning, Captain Gid," said a bluff, honest-faced man, making his appearance from the rooms above through a narrow, covered staircase.

"Morning," responded Captain Gid, returning the former's abbreviated form of salutation.

"Anything wrong?" asked the storekeeper, in a low voice. "You seem kinder troubled like."

"I am just trying to learn if anything has gone wrong," was the captain's reply. "I am a little afraid one of the boys has been captured last night."

"Who?"

"The new member."

"What! The young Irishman?"

"Yes."

Captain Gid turned and saw the halfbreed just entering.

"Pierre, you're the very man I wished to see," the captain said, when the halfbreed stepped into the back room. "You won't mind my speaking to him privately?" to the storekeeper.

"Out upon you, Captain Gid, for asking such a question! Mind it? I wouldn't mind being skinned alive for the good of the cause we're all a-workin' for!"

Neither would he.

It is sometimes a matter of wonder to the present generation that our forefathers, with so small and poorly equipped and provisioned army, should have gained the liberty we enjoy. Can it be so much a source of wonder when such sentiments as the above, and others we have quoted, fell from the lips of the sons of the soil?

Captain Gid gave Pierre a brief outline of the affair, and then the halfbreed hurried away. Later in the day he sent a messenger to his brother, then in Salem.

Oscian returned the next night, and meeting Pierre, they both went to Captain Gid's house, where both received a warm welcome.

"You have just returned from Salem?" said the captain. "Yes."

"What about the smack? You heard from them?"

"I did; she will arrive three nights hence with a full load."

"Pierre wrote you that we had learned that a man-of-war was to be stationed outside of the harbor to cruise to and fro in search of the smugglers?"

"He did, and I left word to that effect for the captain of the smack. It is only one more complication, but we can overcome it," replied Oscian confidently.

"And now about this young Irishman," said Captain Gid. "It seems that his capture will result in his being sent to England to be hung. I'm very sorry, for he could have made good his escape had he not remained behind to cover Stella's flight."

Again that queer smile played about Oscian's face.

"I think I can effect his escape; I'll try it to-morrow night."

"If you get a chance, bring him here; I should like to see him," said the captain.

Oscian bowed, and he and Pierre soon after withdrew.

Though Ned did not know it, Oscian's dark face was at the window of his cell that night when he awoke with that strange feeling hanging to him. The face had appeared at the window some few moments before, and the eyes had at first been fastened on the guard, wide awake then, but who in a minute or two began to droop, and ere long sank into the stupor in which Ned found him.

## CHAPTER XII.

### LOST OVERBOARD.

The next night, in company with Oscian, Ned visited the Arnows.

Stella grew rosy at sight of Ned, but gave him her hand frankly and returned his warm pressure, at which he became bolder and put it to his lips.

"I am so sorry," said Stella, later in the evening, "that you should have been made a prisoner on my account."

"Faith, Miss Arnow, it was not on your account at all—at all; it was on me own. If I had only been captured on account of staying behind they could only have held me as a suspicious person, but on my own they put me in prison."

"And," said Stella hesitatingly, "I was so—so—sorry that you penetrated my disguise—"

"Nonsense, alanna; if I had not seen through it ye might not have got away so easy."

Then presenting himself before the captain, he listened to hear what he might say.

"Do you know anything about sailing vessels, Ned?"

"I do that, sir. Many's the hour I've spent in me own bit of a craft."

"Would you like to go on board of the smack instead of staying on the island?"

"Ye want me idea of it?"

"Yes."

"Then, sir, put me where I'll be of the most use, and have no thought of me."

"Well," said Captain Gid explanatorily, "it is hardly safe for you in and around Boston. The smack is short-handed, and I thought if you'd go—"

"It's settled, sir, without any more words. Just put me on board and the job's done."

"Oscian will attend to that; and now, Ned, let me thank you for covering my daughter's retreat."

At parting, Stella gave her hand to Ned, but prevented the carrying out of the gallantry he would have shown by putting it to his lips.

"That will do on your side of the water," she said, "but not here."

"You like her?" said Oscian in a suggestive tone of inquiry after they were some distance from the house.

"I do," was the honest reply, and a word from Oscian might have drawn Ned into a long eulogium of Stella, who, to him, was the embodiment of bravery since he had seen her guiding the boats that night, and now was to him the embodiment as well of all that was pure and good and lovely in woman.

Accompanying Oscian, he was soon outside of the pickets that guarded the outlets of the streets, and then was driven to Salem.

Tying his horse, Oscian led Ned toward the water-side, and after a number of twists and turns stopped before a tumble-down house and gave three distinct raps, three times repeated.

"Who comes there?"

"A friend."

"What's the time?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"And—"

"All's well."

The door was opened, and they entered a low-ceilinged, barely furnished, dismal-looking room.

Oscian drew the man aside and whispered with him a few minutes, and then said, turning to Ned:

"You remain here with this man to-day; the smack will be off the coast to-night, and he will put you on board,

where you will give this to the captain," handing Ned a letter. "It is concerning you."

"All right," said Ned, taking the letter and putting it in his pocket. "Any further orders?"

"No."

"Goin' back now?" queried Ned, as Oscian crossed to the door.

"Yes."

"Give me best compliments to the young lady and her father."

Oscian bowed, and a minute after the door closed behind him.

Ned took things as coolly as possible throughout the long day, made longer from being cooped up in that dismal hole, but he longed for the hour when he should feel the sea breeze fanning his brow as he trod the smack's deck.

Several hours after dark his host led him from the house to the side of the water, where they entered a small boat and pulled away from the shore. As good fortune had it, they no sooner flashed some gunpowder in a pan than they saw the thing repeated not far distant.

It was the smack, on board of which Ned found himself ten minutes later.

His recent host gave the captain a package, and then pulled ashore again.

"Ha!" exclaimed the captain, as he was reading by the swinging lamp in the cabin; and turning to a man in waiting, he exclaimed: "Go on deck at once and keep a sharp lookout; they have a man-o'-war cruising outside the Boston harbor!"

The night was dark, very dark, and it was impossible to see ten feet ahead, so they proceeded cautiously.

Ned's letter was read and the captain told him to make himself at home for the present; he would assign him a position as soon as possible.

So Ned went on deck, and was walking backward and forward, when suddenly a low cry of alarm from the lookout rang along the deck.

"The man-o'-war!"

That was the cry, and then a voice rang hoarsely out:

"Boat ahoy!" followed by a puff of flame and the roar of a cannon.

The captain was on deck ere this, and springing to the wheel, cried:

"Luff, steersman, luff!"

The smack came up in the wind, the boom darted like lightning across the deck, sweeping Ned into the sea, and then stood away, regardless of his cry for help.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### ADRIFT.

"Help!"

This was Ned's cry as he struck the water.

He could hear the grating of the iron ring along the traveeler, and the metallic clank as the mainsail brought up, and then he saw the smack, with swelling canvas, dart away on another tack.

He was left to his fate.

And that fate! He turned pale, for the heavy man-of-war was bearing down upon him.

He knew not what to do.

A merciful heaven alone saved Ned's life.

A cat's paw, as the sailors call it—a brisk puff of wind caused the man-of-war to swing off a few points, and ere she could be brought back to her course Ned had been left behind.

The bows had sprung past him at a distance of a few feet, and as the vessel's waist passed he might have touched it with his outstretched hand.

He breathed easier now, and, his own immediate danger being passed, he thought of the smack.

As long as he could distinguish the positions of the two vessels by the canvas, he kept his eyes fastened on them, and even then he continued gazing in the direction where they had disappeared.

Then he heard the low booming of a gun, and knew that the man-of-war was giving a peremptory signal for the smack to halt.

But by this time his own condition began to claim his serious attention, for he was rapidly becoming numb and stiff.

That deadly numbness continued to grow upon him, and at last he felt himself slowly sinking.

He could no longer maintain himself, his exertions being too feeble.

His shoulders were already submerged, when his eyes encountered a dark object as it arose to the crest of the wave.

Another struggle, he waited with eager, expectant gaze to see it rise again. It did so, and a hopeful cry escaped his lips.

It was but a few feet away, and toward it he battled with might and main.

He reached it, clasped it, and a faint cheer arose ot his lips.

Several minutes later he managed to fling himself and crawl upon it, and sat astride of a water-cask, which he rightly guessed had been flung from the smack's deck.

His heart glowed with warm feelings as he murmured: "Then they did not altogether forget the poor Irish gossoon, nor fail to heed his cry."

Still his danger was imminent, for it needed constant exertion to maintain his position on the cask, which was continually rising and falling on the waves, and, indeed, had the sea been less calm he could not have retained his place at all.

But there he clung, his pale face lighted with a hopeful smile, while he muttered to himself:

"Faith, Ned Nolan, but you're a lucky dog! The powers must be savin' o' you to stretch Irish hemp," and then, when day began to break, he looked long and searchingly across the waste of waters in search of the smack.

The smack meanwhile had been showing the man-of-war the quality of her heels.

The prompt action of Yankee Davis in bringing her about and putting off on another tack had saved her, for this gave the smack a free wind on the quarter—her best sailing point.

Several shots from the war vessel went hurtling through her rigging, but without doing serious harm, and then the smack ran out of gun-shot.

After a long run, when Yankee Davis felt it would be safe to do so, he tacked again, and, unheard and unseen by the cruiser, retraced her course.

It was a bold move, as if they had been discovered it would most likely have resulted in their capture; but the commander of the smack was a fearless fellow, who rather liked the smell of gunpowder, and would not have objected to a brush with the English any time.

The royal cruiser bowled on the course the smack had first laid out, and kept closely to it until after daybreak, when, finding himself alone, her commander smelt the rat and suspected the ruse that had been played on him, so he put about and tacked back toward Boston harbor.

Meanwhile the smack had kept well in the offing until near the point where Ned had been lost, when she stood inshore.

"It's no use attempting to land our cargo, for it's nearly daylight now," Davis mused. "We'll run along and see if we can see that careless Irishman."

Yankee Davis was a thorough seaman and perfectly acquainted with the tides and winds of the coast, which enabled him to make a calculation as to how far Ned would have drifted from the position where he had gone overboard, and when nearing the calculated spot Yankee commanded a sharp lookout to be kept, although he had but the barest hope of ever seeing Ned again.

Day had just broken, when, as he paced the deck, he was startled by hearing a faint, distant shout:

"A-hoy!"

A glass revealed a dark object in the water. The smack bore down upon it and Ned was taken on board.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE CROWN DETECTIVE.

"Hi declare, this his ha bloomin' outrage!" cried the landlord to the soldier with whom he had been hobnobbing, when they turned from the door of the inn and paused beside the body of the unconscious detective.

They lost no time in endeavoring to restore him to consciousness, but did not succeed for a long while, as Ned's blow had been no light one.

When the detective first opened his eyes he stared blankly

around and looked wonderingly at the landlord and the soldier for several successive minutes.

Then he gazed at his surroundings, and finally saw the pewter mug with which he had been struck.

The sight of this seemed to afford him the clue that he was struggling to obtain, for his eyes gleamed with rapidly-coming intelligence, and he betrayed his complete knowledge of what had occurred when he hissed:

"Curse him, he's escaped me!"

"Who?" queried the interested landlord.

"None of your busness!" growled Biddle. "If you'd been here in your bar attending to your business I wouldn't have this," and he laid his hand on his head.

When he saw the blood that smeared his fingers he sharply asked:

"Is it much of a cut?"

"No," was the landlord's reply; "a bad bruise, but not cut much."

Biddle's brows were contracted for a minute in thought, and then, hastily rising, he hurried out and to the prison.

Here he found things in a perfect uproar, for the alarm had just been given.

The guard in the cell had awakened from that strange sleep, and finding his prisoner gone, had uttered a cry of surprise and fear. Hurrying downstairs, he found the guard prone and senseless.

Just at this juncture the relief-guard put in an appearance, and between them they soon had the neighborhood aroused.

Biddle forced his way to them and cursed them roundly for suffering the prisoner to escape.

A searching party was soon organized and started out, but, of course, returned without having accomplished anything.

Both of the guards were court-martialed and punished severely for this escape of the Irish lad, but that did not put him in their hands again.

The detective had naught for it but to trace up Ned if he wished to have him once more in his power, and if this was once accomplished—the detective grimly compressed his lips, which silent movement was expressive of volumes of spoken words.

One thing that puzzled Biddle very much was Ned's having foretold of his escape and fulfilling his promise to claim the wager.

"He must have had help," thought Biddle, "and, moreover, knew that it was coming at that precise time. Now, who could have helped him? Of course, somebody inimical to the king—by George, the smugglers!"

He proceeded to put two and two together, as the saying goes, and decided that his sudden inspiration was well grounded.

In the first place, as Burton had informed him, Ned had escaped them on the night of the murder in the inn by suddenly disappearing when they had him cornered in the cul de sac.

And it was to this spot the soldiers had traced him on the night of his fooling the guard and subsequent capture. By inquiring the detective learned that the upper end of the court was inhabited by several families who were intensely patriotic; so from these things he formed his conclusions, and he forthwith took up a reconnoissance of the place.

During this he, for the first time, caught a sight of Oscian, and something in his dark, mysterious way aroused Biddle's suspicions of him.

Biddle saw Oscian leave the court early on the evening of the encounter between the smack and the cruiser, and followed him quite a distance; then Oscian seemed to become aware of his presence, and Biddle could see that the other was trying to drop him—which he finally did, despite the detective's utmost efforts to prevent it.

It was in the quarter of the town where Captain Gid Arnow lived, and having mistrusted him, Biddle concluded that thither it was the intention of the shadowed man to go.

He did not see Oscian enter, neither did he see him leave; yet, of a sudden, from his place of concealment he saw a lithe, dark figure glide past which he at once recognized.

Practicing the utmost caution, he followed Oscian, saw him reach the water-side and enter a slight skiff, and then, by straining his gaze, could faintly see a dark body gliding over the water, which he knew to be Oscian in the skiff, though no sound of creaking oars came to his ears, for the row-locks were muffled.

Biddle eagerly sought for and finally found a light row-boat, in which he followed the course taken by Oscian, which the detective thought was a straight line toward the lighthouse.

The detective rowed hard, but saw nothing further of Oscian, and, finally pulling back to the shore, laid in wait at the point where the skiff had been tied.

As the reader will surmise, Oscian was going to the lighthouse. Noiselessly he glided over the water, looking like some black shadow, his dark clothes and dark-painted skiff scarcely distinguishable from the gloom-covered water on which he rode.

Shadow-like still he reached the lighthouse.

Once more he made the perilous ascent to the platform outside of the lantern, and then, carefully obtaining a position where he could remain unseen, he fastened his eyes on the inmates of the place.

Soon they were enthralled in a terrible spell, and Oscian glided in.

His first care was to screen the light, as we saw him do on a former occasion, and then, sitting down before the motionless figures of those whose duty it was to guard the light, he gazed long and earnestly at them, his eyes scintillating with a strange, feverish light.

His lips opened; he spoke, soft and low.

"John Sterling!"

"Aye, aye!" came the low, dull response.

"You saw the cruiser leave the harbor?"

"Yes," was the reply, with a vacant expression.

"Is she on the coast?"

"She is."

"Running off and on?"

"Yes."

"In quest of the smugglers?"

"Yes."

"And to watch the light, that your assertion that it is never out may be proved?"

"Yes."

"Is that all?"

"That is all."

A low, purring sound that broke with horrible chill on the ear emanated from Oscian's throat and continued for some time.

Suddenly he bent his head and listened.

"'Tis useless waiting longer," he muttered. "That is surely the far-away sound of a gun. The smack cannot run in to-night."

Taking down the screen he had put up he glided out of the lantern. When he was once more in his skiff he pulled rapidly for the point where the smack was accustomed to "lay to" to deliver her cargo.

There he found the boats waiting.

"Ahoy!" cried a voice he recognized as Captain Gid's.

"Ahoy!" he replied, in an equally low and cautious tone.

"What's the time of night?"

"Twelve o'clock!"

"And—"

"All's well!"

"Is that you, Oscian?"

"Yes."

"What's up?"

"There is no use in waiting longer. A cruiser is running off and on the harbor. She has sighted the smack and is giving her chase."

"How do you know?"

"I heard the sound of a gun."

"Then you advise putting back?"

"I do."

"Very well; so it shall be. Back water—get away!" and the smugglers, bidding Oscian good-night, pulled away in the darkness.

Oscian took another course, and in due time landed at the place whence he had started, and when once ashore walked briskly along toward the southern outskirts of Boston, followed by Biddle, who was debating in his mind what course to pursue, when he heard footsteps coming from the opposite direction.

It was Captain Burton, who sharply glanced at Oscian as he passed him.

Biddle recognized him instantly, and in low and hurried tones related his suspicions.

"Take him prisoner, of course!" exclaimed Burton. "Suppose we are mistaken, he can't do anything."

Burton knew where the pickets were posted, and by a

roundabout course intercepted Oscian, who suddenly and unexpectedly found himself surrounded by a number of red-coats.

## CHAPTER XV.

### A STRANGE DEPARTURE.

When the pickets found themselves alone with Oscian they began to taunt him by calling him "a Yankee rascal," an "unwashed American," and divers other such humorous appellations.

Oscian arose from the wood on which he had been seated and commenced slowly pacing the floor, which his captors did not interrupt his doing.

And as he walked he kept glancing up at the face of an enormous clock that solemnly ticked out the passing seconds.

"What are you watchin' the clock so close for?" inquired the petty officer, finally observing his action.

Oscian turned on him a grave look.

"Because," he replied, "when that clock strikes the hour of two I shall suddenly disappear."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the officer. "Take French leave, you mean?"

"No; I mean disappear."

Tick—tick, loud and solemn went the clock, and in this manner slowly told off the minutes.

It wanted five minutes of two.

It wanted four minutes of two.

It wanted three minutes of two.

Then only two remained.

Then only one.

The officer was interested in his hand, and time had fled more rapidly than he thought.

He was recalled suddenly.

Whir-r-r-r-r!

Thus spun the wheels of the clock, and then the bell struck—one—two!

While the sound still trembled a wild, unearthly wail rang out, they saw their prisoner fall to the floor, and then—

A long, continued, terrifying hiss, fire flashed up and ran in zig-zag lines, darting hither and thither between their very feet, clouds of sulphurous smoke meanwhile filling the room.

Hiss—flash—hiss—flash!

Wild yells of terror.

Screams of pain as the leaping fire licked somebody's flesh.

One last hiss, a column of flame darting up to the very ceiling, another low, unearthly wail, a crash, and they were left strangling in the smoke.

Some one reached the door and opened it, and they rushed outside, gasping for breath.

In a few minutes they venture inside, but only to find that their prisoner had indeed vanished.

Oscian's prophecy had been fulfilled.

The affair reached the ears of the detective, and mystified him dreadfully, but of one thing he became positive in his mind—that Oscian was in league with the smugglers and that he had been to the lighthouse the night before, for the man-of-war put into the harbor during the day and reported the lighthouse as having suddenly become dark; "which," said the captain, "convinced me that the smugglers were about to land, and I found this idea a correct one, for I encountered their vessel soon after," proceeding to give a detailed account of the meeting and fruitless chase.

Biddle kept close watch in the neighborhood of the cul de sac, but failed to see Oscian again, and for the simple reason that Oscian was safely housed at Captain Gid's.

Oscian sent back word to depend no longer on the darkness of the lighthouse as a signal of safety, but for Yankee Davis to use his own judgment.

The cruiser was on and off that night, but by hugging the shore the smack got past her unobserved, and the boats being in waiting was quickly unladen.

"Captain Arnow," called Ned, as they were about to separate.

"Aye, aye!"

"Me compliments to yer jewel of a daughter."

"Aye, aye!" was the reply. "You're off for New York now, Captain Davis?"

"Yes."

"Good luck attend you. Give way, my hearties!"  
The smack eluded the cruiser's vigilance, and following the coast, entered Long Island Sound.

After a swift run they reached Randall's Island, just above Hell Gate.

The smack put on an innocent character, and the next few days lay at a pier near Wall Street, taking aboard her cargo, during which Yankee Davis was quietly laughing in his sleeve and gazing contemptuously toward a king's cutter which lay swinging at anchor a short distance down stream.

One day a letter was hurriedly thrust into the hand of Yankee Davis; he tore it open.

"Your character is discovered. Some one has proved treacherous. Fly, or you will be seized. A Friend."

He summoned the crew, explained everything in a short sentence, and then ordered them to cast loose and hoist sail.

This was scarcely more than done, and the breeze had only just begun to swell the sail, when a posse of men rushed down the wharf.

Too late! The smuggler was off!

But not too late for the cutter to follow.

They saw her sails unfolded and spread out to the breeze, saw the cable slipped, and the cutter forge ahead in the water.

The exciting chase was fairly commenced.

The smack held her own, and Yankee Davis was exulting in the probability of escape, when a thought occurred to him —how could they pass Hell Gate without a pilot?

He groaned, and it rose from his very heart. They were caught like a rat in a trap. A cutter in the way of reaching the open sea, and to pass Hell Gate without a pilot was almost certain destruction.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH.

The breeze was coming up fresher every minute, and they were favored by the swift tide of the East River, and at length there could be no doubt that they were slowly gaining, widening the distance between themselves and the cutter.

The smack danced onward like a thing of life, the wooded shores of Manhattan Island and the low level of Long Island flitting past like dim ghosts.

Blackwell's Island was ahead.

A moment's hesitation, and then Yankee chose the channel to the west of it; and in his footsteps the cutter closely followed.

On—on—in a few minutes more the game must be lost or won; on—on—until above the low point of land Mill Rock could be seen rearing its frowning head; on—on—until the point was reached, and the dangerous pass lay before them.

As the smack was brought closer to the wind she almost stopped for several minutes, during which the cutter had been bowling along toward them, and now, with her towering clouds of canvas and the frowning muzzles of her guns, seemed like some rapacious eagle about to swoop down on its defenseless prey.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the English captain; "it is as I expected. The fellow's got no pilot and dares not try Hell Gate," and he rubbed his hands with satisfaction. "We've got him now, sure! That's splendid, for we've no pilot either. On deck there!"

"Aye, aye!"

"That fellow may attempt to escape by coming about and tacking down the other channel. If he does, give him a shot!"

"Aye, aye!"

Presently the captain gasped with astonishment and then began giving his orders right and left.

The smack's intentions were too plain to be mistaken—she was going to attempt the passage.

Yankee Davis saw that no other avenue of escape was left, and with pale face, stern with resolution, he quietly gave the order:

"Starboard the helm; haul in the mainsail nearly flat!"

He stationed Ned in the waist, and then gliding forward to the bowsprit, passed out on it, and there hung while keenly scrutinizing the seething mass of water, rushing to and fro in troubled confusion.

As we have said before, he was a thorough seaman, and the very color of the water to his practiced eye was an indication of its depth.

"Luff a little!" he called, and Ned repeated it to the steersman.

The smack's prow at one bound was within the boiling flood, and stout hearts turned faint at sight of the water-dogs, black and slimy, poking up their heads all about them, to strike one of which meant total destruction.

They were indeed within the jaws of death.

A silence that was awful and solemn in its nature settled over the vessel, and gliding to their posts each man stood at it with bated breath.

The creaking of the rigging and the churning of the waters were the only sounds to be heard.

Suddenly came the order:

"Let the jib go—starboard your helm, quick, for your life!"

The smack's head came around like a flash, and then they trembled while they waited the result, which came an instant later; a long, low, terrible grinding noise, then they floated free again, and the men breathed easier.

The perspiration was dripping from the face of Yankee Davis.

He glanced down on the black reef which had suddenly loomed up ahead and upon which they would have dashed but for his timely command, and upon which, as it was, the smack had ground sideways.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "that was close; another inch of draught and it would have ripped our bottom clean out. Up with the jib, lively! Port your helm!"

Boom—boom!

The Englishman's cannon began to speak again, for the captain of the cutter began to fear his intended prey would escape, but the balls passed harmlessly by, for just then the jib swelled before the breeze, and the smack darted forward like an arrow sped from the bow.

On—on, mid the foaming waters; on—on, the channel growing wider, the Hog's Back left behind, the Frying-pan well to the left hand; on—on, and the color came back into the face of Yankee Davis, for he felt that the peril was over.

On—on, and the cutter, following in the smack's wake, essayed the passage.

The cannons spoke in thunderous tones once more, then came a heavy shock, an awful crash; the cutter's progress was cut off sharp, and her tall masts snapped and went by the board.

Instantly ensued a scene of the wildest confusion, and as the cutter commenced settling in the water those on board the smack could see her crew rushing to the boats for safety.

In two minutes all was over.

The beautiful cutter lay an abandoned wreck, and her crew were pulling hither and thither in the seething whirlpool, seeking a channel deep enough to reach the shore.

The smack swept on, and in a few minutes the peril was all past.

They had come out of the jaws of death!

They could now afford to take things easy, and accordingly did so, arriving off the coast of Cape Cod after a good run. Rounding the cape, they entered the bay, and during the night began skirting the coast.

Before daylight they ran into a little cove some miles south of Boston. They dropped anchor behind a projecting headland that effectually screened them from observation from the bay.

During the day they were hailed from on shore, and Pierre showed himself on the narrow beach, and a small boat being sent for him, came on board.

Yankee Davis told him what had happened, and inquired if the warning that had reached him so opportunely came from Boston.

"It did not," said Pierre; "we had no knowledge of it. The traitor, if any, and the person who warned you must both belong to New York. I'll attend to the matter at once. We half expected you would arrive to-day and that is why I came here. Will you run in to-night?"

"What do you think about it?"

"Well, the cruiser still stands on and off, and is likely to do so for some time to come; you might as well venture now as any other time."

"We'll be there to-night, then."

"Any special news?"

"No."

"Then I'll be getting back, for I have not much time to spare."

On being set ashore, Pierre at once disappeared, and hurrying to Boston, visited Captain Gid and informed him of the smack's arrival, after which, darkness coming on, he went to Smuggler's Island to bid the men to be in readiness for the unloading of the vessel.

Returning to the mainland he visited the house whose back opened on the cul de sac, and there found Oscian, to whom he also imparted the news.

Oscian remained silent for some time, and then he said, in a low tone:

"Do you remember what to-day is the anniversary of?"

"I do; the taking of an oath."

"Which we are—"

"Accustomed to repeat on each recurring anniversary."

"Then let us kneel."

They knelt down, face to face, left hands clasped, each holding in his right a keen dagger whose point he pressed against the other's throat.

And then in concert they slowly and solemnly repeated:

"I, Pierre—I, Oscian—on our bended knees, as we once knelt beside the grave of our murdered father, swear by high heaven to avenge his untimely death on the heads of those who represent his murderer, England and her friends.

"He was carried away from his home, his children likewise, and were scattered to the four winds of heaven; he died in the wilderness, from starvation, and heaven directed us to the spot to meet them, for the first time in years, and to there take upon ourselves the solemn vow to never rest while life remained, to stifle all feelings of love for human kind, to have only one object, and that to injure the power of those who swept him and his family from the earth. These knives at our throats was the sign of our oath, and we hereby demand of each other to plunge deeply the blade into the throat of him who first shows any sign of wavering from the task—Amen!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE LANDING OF THE GOODS.

Captain Burton and the detective had several long conversations about the mysterious disappearance of the captive they had left at the guard-house, but at their conclusion were just as much in the dark as to how it had been accomplished, though neither of them accepted the view of the pickets who had witnessed the affair, which was that Oscian was something supernatural, or in league with the Evil One.

"He's flesh and blood, I'll swear; for I had hold of him," said Biddle.

"Flesh and blood he is, of course," assented Burton.

"But there was something mysterious about him."

"So there was."

"Did you notice his eyes?"

"Yes, bright as a sea-coal fire."

"He had a dark way about him, too," mused the detective. "But he was a human being, for all that. Strange, though, that I did not see him leave Arnow's house."

"I don't think so," said Burton.

"Of course not; you think Arnow is a royalist to the backbone, but I don't."

"I know it."

"And would add, are sorry for it."

"So I am."

"For Miss Stella's sake!" laughed Biddle.

Burton colored.

The captain evidently did not relish this badinage.

"Have you made a conquest in that quarter?" laughed Biddle, sarcastically.

"Leaving her out of the question entirely, I don't think he is in league with the smugglers. 'Cause why? Colonel Brown and myself were there one night when they ran in."

"That's right," sneered Biddle; "stand up for your father-in-law."

"He ain't that yet."

"No, nor ain't likely to be."

"Why?"

"Because if I have a mind I can put a stop to it," and Biddle leered at him with a show of power that Burton dared not gainsay; he fidgeted uneasily for a minute, and then replied:

"I thought you promised never to refer to that again."

"Who is referring to it?" retorted Biddle. "No one but yourself."

Burton swallowed the lump in his throat, and made no answer, but breathed more freely when the detective was gone.

Left to himself he pondered over the detective's assertions of belief that Captain Gid Arnow was not as innocent as he might be in regard to the doings of the smugglers.

"I'll not believe it," he muttered, "not until I have some stronger proof than that."

He visited Stella that evening, and she played her cards so nicely that Burton returned to his quarters more convinced than ever that the ban of suspicion hung unjustly over Captain Gid's head.

What a revelation it would have been to him could he have seen Stella closeted with her father after his departure, retelling at length the conversation between her and himself, in which he had, without intending it, betrayed enough of the plans to which he was privy to effectually prevent their being successful.

Nearly every day he went to the house of the Arnows now, and it began to be whispered that he was over head and ears in love with the fair American girl.

He was there the evening of the intended landing of the smack's contraband goods.

Captain Gid regarded Burton's visits as one of the best means of quieting suspicions concerning himself, and always took pains to be ever present or near at hand when Burton was there.

So when it became necessary that some one should go to pilot the boats, it was Stella that was to go.

Excusing herself at ten o'clock, but begging the captain not to go yet, Stella left the parlor, and after some hasty preparations started on her mission, leaving Burton and her father in company, together with her mother and a young lady from a house but a few yards distant.

At about eleven o'clock there came a hasty knock at the door, and inquiry for Captain Burton.

Answering it in person, a letter was thrust into his hand.

"It came a few minutes ago," said the bearer, "and I hastened right here with it; the person who brought it is waiting."

Burton broke the seal, and read the few lines the letter contained, his face lighting with joy.

"Duty calls!" he exclaimed, rushing back to the parlor. "You will excuse me!" and seizing his hat he hurried away to his quarters, where he found awaiting him a tall, well-built man, who sat gazing restlessly and nervously about him.

"You are the man spoken of in this letter?"

"I am."

"The one who gave the information to the cutter in New York?"

"Yes."

"You started on horseback for Boston as soon as you heard of the cutter's mishap in Hell Gate?"

"I did."

"You were one of the smugglers once, this letter says."

The man glanced nervously around, and then replied in the affirmative, and in a conversation that followed agreed to play the traitor for a sum of money to him in hand paid.

Half an hour later Burton hurried to the water-side, and calling out a dozen soldiers from a picket-house, had them man two boats, and at once pulled out into the bay.

Meanwhile the smack had not been idle; hauling out of her cover some time after dark, she was laid on a straight course for Boston light.

By keeping close inshore and displaying no lights, the smack ran but little danger of discovery by the cruiser, whose light Yankee Davis saw about ten o'clock several miles away over the quarter.

He proceeded with more confidence, now that he knew the vessel's position, and giving the smack the advantage of the wind at her best point, Boston light soon rose above the horizon.

When several miles from it the crew of the smack saw it suddenly vanish.

"Ha!" exclaimed Yankee Davis, "things are running smoothly again."

"Where did the light beyond go to?" asked Ned.

"That's a mystery," returned the man addressed. "We even don't know that it is a signal of safety, and that the boats will be there to meet us. Oscian is at the bottom of it, though, I am sure."

Ned could not repress an involuntary shudder at mention of the name of the mysterious Ocean, and, as he had often before, he murmured:

"Path, he's a strange chap. Heaven grant he may never be my enemy."

The smack soon changed her course, and presently the sails were let run, the little vessel hove to and lay idly drifting with the current, when out of the darkness came two heavy boats.

"What's the time of night?" called Yankee Davis.

"Twelve o'clock!"

"And—"

"All's well!"

The boats reached the smack's side and while they were all busy unloading and transferring the contraband goods Yankee Davis was engaged in conversation with Stella, who was standing in the prow of the boat she guided.

Half the work had been accomplished, when Yankee Davis started as he raised himself erect to scan the dark surface beyond him. He saw a light, and quickly cried:

"It's the cruiser tacking back! We must be on our guard!"

Even as he spoke he saw one reason for alarm, for a rocket went hissing high in air from the cruiser's deck.

"It's a signal of some kind," said Yankee, earnestly. "Lively there, my hearties; that means something!"

"We are in a trap!" he called out. "There are boats inside of us, and the cruiser between us and the sea. I'm sorry, Miss Stella," he cried, earnestly. "I hope no harm will come to you. Will you trust yourself in the boats, or come on board the smack?"

"I'll stay by the boats."

"Very well. All hands make sail—lively, there, the English are down upon us. Haul away, let every inch of canvas draw!"

With a rush the men were at their posts working with a will.

"To your places!" cried Stella. "Get ready to give way!"

A sullen, booming sound floated from seaward, and then a dozen English throats poured forth a stentorian huzza, for the soldiers under Burton at that moment saw the outlines of the smack and the boats before them.

"A strong pull and we've got them!" shouted Burton.

"Give way, Miss Stella, for heaven's sake!" cried Yankee Davis; "the cruiser is standing inshore."

Stella, still standing, placed her hands against the smack's gunwale to push away so as to give her men a chance to use the oars. At the same instant the smack swung away, and the impetus of her push carried her forward and headlong into the water.

A shrill cry from the men on board the smack, but which was not understood by the men in the long boat, whose backs being toward the prow did not see what had happened, and then they separated, leaving Stella to drown or float.

She uttered no cry for help, but let them go, murmuring:

"It is better so. If they paused, they would be captured. Better suffer myself than that!"

"Ship oars; arm—aim—fire!"

A volley of musketry run in her ears as she sank.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE TRAITOR'S PLOT FOILED.

That report was the death-knell of one of the smugglers, who dropped his oar, uttered one faint moan, and fell back, dead.

His oar was quickly seized by another, and then they bent to the oars, until their sinews stood out on their arms like knotted whip cords, and the ashen blades bent until they cracked beneath the strain.

For one minute Burton glanced from the fleeing boats to the smack, undecided which to follow; then, thinking it better to take the smack, he gave the orders, the men dropped their smoking weapons and gave way rapidly.

That moment's decision saved the smack, for, even as the English sent their boats flying toward her, her sails were hoisted home, and the canvas began to belly out, after which he started away like a hound just slipped from the leash.

Quickly Burton saw how futile the chase would prove, and ordered the men to go about and give chase to the long boat.

They pulled in the new direction, passed within ten feet of Stella, who had just risen to the surface, without seeing her.

At almost the instant the smugglers stopped rowing and uttered a loud cry of sorrow and surprise.

They had just discovered Stella's absence.

A smile lighted her fair face as this cry came floating over the water to her ears, for it showed her that these men would not have deserted her had they known of her mishap.

And with it still ringing in her ears she sank again.

For a moment all was confusion in the boats of the smugglers, and then one man who had overheard the question of Yankee Davis, but had not caught Stella's spirited reply, said, in a tone of conviction:

"She's on board the smack. I heard Yankee Davis advise it!"

They grasped at this solution of the matter eagerly, and once more gave way. The fort was in sight; they were abreast of it, when its cannons spoke in tones of thunder.

There was no time for strategy now; it was a simple test of strength, and the strongest crew would win.

On—on—the balls flying all about them, a shell bursting almost above their heads.

On—on—the soldiers were gaining, their light boats more than counterbalancing the strength of the smuggler's arm when urging along their loaded boats.

They struggled pluckily, though every prospect was that of a losing game.

Nearer and nearer the redcoats drew, until scarcely a boat's length separated pursuers and pursued.

Then heaven's hand became visible in their behalf, as it was for years afterward, during the memorable struggle for Independence.

A ball that came howling from the fort plunged through one of the pursuing boats, which sunk like a shot, leaving its inmates floundering in the water.

It was Burton's boat.

Had it been the other he would have pursued and left the wretches to their fate, but when he was himself in danger, all thought of duty fled, and he called on the other boat to halt and take them up.

With a wild cheer the smugglers passed on their way, nor were they pursued further; and wiping the sweat from their faces they pulled more leisurely to the island. Their faces grave and thoughtful as they pondered over Stella's absence.

They would not believe that she had met an unknown fate, but hugged the fact to their bosoms that she had sought refuge on the smack.

And how fared Stella?

But for her clothing spreading out she would never have reappeared at the surface after once sinking, but they buoyed her up, though they did not prevent her sinking a second time.

Ned Nolan had been one of the first to see the accident, and had rushed to the gunwale with the purpose of flinging himself overboard and attempting to save her, and would have done so had not a strong hand held him back.

"The boat will pick her up!" cried the person who was holding him back. "Watch and see."

Ned did watch, and saw the boats gliding away into the shadows, without attempting to save her.

"The omadhauns!" he angrily cried. "The cowardly bastes, to desert a woman in peril!"

He sprang from the rail and hurried along the deck until he gained the stern, and began rapidly undoing the ropes by which the small boat was hung.

He groaned audibly when he found himself delayed by the ropes being jammed.

"The jewel will be drowned!" he moaned. "Oh, purty eyes! Heaven's blessings rest on ye, an' save ye from such a fate!"

He jammed his hand into his pocket and drew forth a knife, sprang into the light skiff, and with a cry of joy at finding the oars in it, he drew his knife across the ropes.

As he heard the blocks creak with the running of the rope at one end, he sprang to the other and severed it at one stroke. By this means the skiff was made to strike the water squarely, instead of diving down one end first.

The pursuing boats had already started on their new course, and springing to the seat, Ned ran out the oars, saying:

"Perty eyes, where are ye—where are ye, purty eyes? I'm a-comin'—Ned Nolan will save ye, heaven helping him!"

He strained every nerve and muscle, and continued his cry of:

"Perty eyes, where are ye?" in a pathetic tone, while he eagerly scanned the water around him, while his heart was sinking as the conviction forced itself upon him that never more would the "perty eyes" smile upon him.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### NED SAVES STELLA.

"Perty eyes—perty eyes—where are you?"

"Here!" cried a low voice.

Ned jumped so quickly as nearly to pitch out of the skiff as he heard the reply, and then hastily sitting down he seized hold of the oars and sent the skiff flying toward Stella, who had just reached the surface after having sunk the second time.

Had she been less brave or possessed less presence of mind, she must ere this have found a watery grave.

Cool and collected from the first, she retained the use of her faculties, and each time that she sank seized the favorable moment for struggling to the surface.

The second rising was hard of accomplishment, and so nearly strangled was she that Ned's call had sounded in her ears a number of times ere she could free her mouth from water and give that low reply.

She managed to keep afloat during the time Ned was flying toward her in the skiff, and when he was about to shoot past, some feet away, she coolly called out and told him of his error.

In a twinkling the skiff's prow was brought about; one long, powerful reach with the oars then Ned flung them down, leaned over the side of the skiff and caught Stella's extended arm.

Another minute and she was safely in the skiff.

"Praises to the Blessed Virgin!" exclaimed Ned, thankfully. "Yer safe now, perty eyes."

"Thank heaven, yes!" she replied, in a low tone. "And you, Mr. Nolan—oh, how can I ever repay you for this service?"

"By savin' nothing about it at all—at all," replied Ned, quickly. "Me own happiness that ye still live is more than pay enough."

"I will not say more, then, since you wish it. But my heart will ever remain warm toward my preserver," said Stella, slowly. "Let my father be the one to thank you."

"Sh!" exclaimed Ned. "But, Miss Stella, ye'll be after takin' cold, I'm afraid. Shall I set you ashore?"

"As you think best, Mr. Nolan."

"Mr. be—" Ned was going to add something very forcible, but remembering he was speaking to a lady, he softened it into: "Hanged! Me name's plain Ned Nolan, and I wish ye'd be afther calling me so."

"So I will, then—Ned," said Stella, her eyes lighting with gratitude toward the frank Irish youth.

Ned pulled a quick stroke, and sent the skiff flying toward Smuggler's Island, that being the nearest place where Stella could have the benefit of a fire.

The smugglers had already been hailed, and giving the password, had grounded their boats at the landing place.

"You were discovered!" cried a low voice. "What has happened?"

It was Captain Gid Arnow who spoke.

No sooner had the door closed on Captain Burton than he had seized his hat and hurried out into the night, fearful that in some way Burton's hasty departure was connected with the smugglers.

He was in concealment near by when Burton emerged from his quarters, and Captain Gid saw him enter with the soldiers. That something was wrong was very clear, and he determined to be on the scene if possible.

Hastening away, he took a small boat at the usual place and sent it flying across the harbor, and turned Smuggler's Island. Arriving there he found, as he expected he should, that the smugglers had been gone some time.

He was on the point of embarking to follow where they had gone, when the thunder of the fort's guns broke on the solemn stillness of the night.

"They have been discovered!" he exclaimed, in anxious tones. "I hope they will not be hit."

He fidgeted uneasily for a few minutes, undecided what to do, then sprang into his boat and began pulling away from the island; but a short distance had he accomplished when he heard the shout of derision the smugglers sent up as the soldiers were forced to give over the pursuit.

It proclaimed victory to those for whom he had been so anxious, and Captain Gid returned to the island and greeted the smugglers as recorded.

As they recognized his voice every man who heard him turned pale, for they anticipated his next question. In a forced tone the reply was given:

"We ran upon two boatloads of redcoats; they followed us up sharply, and one man was killed by a volley they poured into us."

"Stella! Is she with you?"

For a moment they were all silent.

"Speak!" cried Captain Gid. "Has anything happened her?"

They explained things to him in as favorable a light as they could, and stoutly maintained that she had gone on board of the smack, but Captain Gid clearly saw that this belief was more what they wished to think the truth than what they really feared.

He questioned them sharply and learned in what position Stella had been last seen.

With a groan swelling his heart he moaned:

"She is dead! She must have fallen overboard!" and then bowed his head in grief.

"I do not blame you," he said, in a low tone, at last raising his head. "It was heaven's will!"

They commenced unloading the boats, and were thus engaged while Captain Gid sat on a boulder, around whose base the waves were rippling, buried in his sorrow, when the sentinel's keen eyes detected a black shadow gliding over the water.

"Who comes there?"

"A friend."

The skiff grated on the shore, Ned sprang out and assisted Stella to do the same.

A wild shout of pleasure burst from the sentinel's lips, and the smugglers first crowded forward, and then repeated it in good earnest.

"Careful!" said Captain Gid, in a warning tone. "You may be heard."

Stella knew the tone instantly, surmised the truth in regard to what her father had heard, and ere he could be told the meaning of that shout she was by his side, her arm was around his neck.

"Stella!" he cried, and then pressed her closely to his breast.

It took but a few minutes to explain matters, and then Captain Gid warmly wrung the hand of the brave Irish youth.

They ascended the rough path in company, and beside the fire Stella's clothing soon began to steam.

"You ought to have a change of clothes," her father said, anxiously.

"Begorra!" said Ned, suddenly, "I've an idea."

"What is it?"

"I've a fine suit of clothes beyant. Put them on while yer own are drying; I'll go down and keep the men away, so no one'll see yer but yer father."

Stella accepted the proposition, and Ned disappeared.

Her clothing dried quickly, and just as the first grayish haze, announcing the coming morning, appeared on the eastern horizon, Stella and her father reached home.

## CHAPTER XX.

### OSCIAN AT WORK.

The cruiser and the smack. Where were they all this time? The position of the latter was most desperate. Nevertheless, Yankee Davis was too good a sailor to be caught in a trap. By skillful maneuvering he managed to elude the cruiser and put out to sea.

Yankee Davis was more than pleased with the success of his escape.

They stayed out at sea until dark, when they returned to the cave.

The sails had hardly been let run when Pierre hailed. A small boat which they carried on the fore deck was quickly sprung and lowered into the water.

Two men entered it and pulled for the beach, arriving within a few feet of which they were hailed.

"Boat ahoy!"

"Ahoy on shore. Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance, friend, and give the time of night."

Pierre jumped lightly into the boat, and a few steady strokes of the oar carried him to the smack's side.

In a minute he was on her deck confronting Yankee Davis, whose first question was in regard to Stella.

"Safe!" replied Pierre.

"And well?"

"Yes."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Yankee. "Only the kind hand of Providence could have permitted us all to escape!"

Pierre reverently bowed his head.

"Come into the cabin," said Yankee Davis, leading the way, while Pierre followed.

Their situation was discussed pro and con, and it was finally decided to land the remainder of the cargo on the bleak and desolate shore a few miles south of Salem.

After a night had been decided on for the undertaking, Pierre returned to Captain Gid's, where another long consultation took place.

On a dark night the smugglers' smack skirted the coast, and landed the remainder of her goods at the spot agreed on by Yankee and Pierre.

From here they were conveyed to Smugglers' Island to await a favorable opportunity of running them into Boston.

The moon was on the wane, and at last it no longer brightened the gloom of night.

It was decided to seize the first good chance to run them in, and they only waited the appearance of one of the mysterious brothers with the necessary orders.

They came after many days of waiting, Pierre arriving from the mainland early in the night.

The light boats were got out, and the contraband goods were laboriously carried down the steep path to the shore.

Pierre superintended the work, and when it was nearly done, and Ned was about to ascend for his last load, the halfbreed handed him a letter.

By the aid of the light from the glowing embers of the fire Ned broke the seal and read:

"Dear Sir—You will probably be sent ashore with one of the boats to-night; if so, we should be pleased to have you come to see us—but be very careful, as the house is watched. Approach it from the back, where you will probably find Oscian in waiting for you.

"Yours very truly,  
"Gideon Arnow.

"P. S.—Stella sends her best wishes to you."

"Arrah! Heaven bless her purty eyes!" exclaimed Ned, impulsively, overjoyed at thoughts of seeing the beautiful girl again.

He descended to the shore with the last load, and striding up to Pierre, asked:

"Am I to go ashore?"

"Yes; but you must be very careful. Do you think you can?"

"Faith, I know it."

"Very well."

Ned was the third to leave the island, and after a brisk pull across the bay drew near the city. A good memory of places enabled him to make his way to the mouth of the sewer with but little trouble, arriving there just as his predecessor was pulling away in his empty boat.

Ned was soon unloaded, after which he pulled his boat beneath a pier close by, and after a few minutes spent in reconnoitring, he fastened it and clambered upon the pier.

Carefully avoiding several sentinels in his way, he finally reached the roost in the rear of Captain Gid's house.

He was but a short distance from it when, hearing a low cough near him he turned quickly to see a dark figure close beside him.

"Fire-devil fly away with ye!" he exclaimed. "Where did ye come from?"

Oscian laughed long and loud, and then said:

"You're not as careful as I have no doubt you promised Pierre to be. Here you never knew of my presence until I could have touched you with my hand."

"Ye must be a cat," said Ned, with a little shiver of vague fear of the man beside him.

"Come!"

scarcely closed behind them when Ned's hand was grasped with a warm pressure by that of Captain Gid.

"Come into the parlor—they are waiting for you."

Within the parlor at that moment were gathered Mrs. Arnow, Stella, and a fine-looking lady of middle age, rather stout than thin, with a still fresh face, which, however, showed lines of deep trouble.

Their conversation was interrupted by the opening of the door and the appearance of Captain Gid and Ned.

The eyes of the young Irish lad first rested on Stella's face, and then they met those of the lady mentioned.

"Mother!"

"Ned—my son!"

And they were clasped in each other's arms.

Captain Gid laughed with joy, while Mrs. Arnow and Stella showed their sympathy by the happy tears that flowed down their faces.

The Arnows were going to withdraw, but this neither mother nor son would hear of, and when they had grown a little calmer they all sat down and Ned learned how his mother came to be there.

She had arrived in Boston several days before, having come from home in search of him. While the vessel was lying at the dock, Captain Gid came on board and told her he knew of her son, and asked her to accept of his hospitality. Captain Gid explained his share in it by saying he had seen her name in the paper as a passenger, and remembering Ned's story, had jumped to the conclusion that it was his mother, which fact his visit verified.

Mrs. Nolan's eyes were lighted with honest pride as they rested on her noble-hearted boy, while she listened to Stella's story of what she owed him.

At a late hour he remembered that it was time to go, and parting from his mother with a warm embrace and a whispered remark that better and happier times were coming, he shooed Mrs. Arnow and the captain by the hand, and then turned toward Stella. With an appealing look at her he slowly left the parlor.

She understood his look, and though much embarrassed by the situation, plucked up enough self-command to follow him out.

Ned caught her by both hands.

"Me mother!" he said, eagerly. "Ye will take good care of her?"

"I will."

Hurrying along, for it was very late, he reached the pier and entered his boat.

He thought of a message to send to his mother.

"Faix, I'll just go into the sewer and ask somebody in the store to carry it for me."

A few strokes of the oars carried him to the mouth of the sewer, into which he stepped, only the next minute to have the light of a bull's-eye lantern thrown into his face; then followed a shout of joy, and Biddle, the crown detective, flung himself on Ned, and then commenced a savage struggle.

Although Biddle possessed a revolver Ned kept him from using it and finally wrenched it out of his hand and gave him a crack over the head with it. It put the quietus on the detective at once. Ned then gave the hail and Pierre appeared on the scene. They carried Biddle up and out on the street and propped him up in a doorway.

One night the English swooped down upon Smugglers' Island, but were met with a severe repulse and were beaten off, and an English vessel was captured. Yankee Davis took charge of the vessel. Ned was given command of a fine craft and did valiant service along the coast with her.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### BURTON AND BIDDLE.

Burton and Biddle were among the survivors of that ill-fated expedition against Smugglers' Island, from which they returned to Boston crestfallen and ashamed.

It being necessary to report, Burton went to headquarters and informed the general of the result of the affair, laying the blame at Biddle's door in hopes of benefiting himself.

Much to his disgust, after listening to his story, the general called the orderly and bade him send in the corporal, in whose charge Burton was delivered, with orders to produce him before a court-martial to be held the next morning.

Biddle being sent for, was incensed at learning of Burton's attributing the failure to him, and appearing before the court-martial the next morning, showed his animosity by boldly accusing the prisoner of being a robber from the government while taxgatherer.

Burton could not deny the charge, for that of cowardice and incompetency brought against him by the general, and with bowed head he heard sentence pronounced against him, and was sent in irons on board of the vessel that was to sail that day with dispatches to the king.

A heavily-armed force was sent against Smugglers' Island, together with a couple of cannon, for which, however, they had no use, as they found the nest empty, their birds flown.

Biddle was sent back to England in the same vessel with Burton, who shortly after his arrival was put on trial. He made a clean breast of it, showing that Biddle had connived at his wrong-doing and had helped conceal it, the result of which was that the detective served a term in prison.

At its expiration he resorted to the company of a low class of men, was caught while engaged in a burglarious enterprise and was transported for life.

In his bitterness of heart he frequently cursed Ned Nolan, the cause of that trip to America, which had ended in his downfall.

But his curses must have gone home to roost, for they never shadowed Ned's successful career through the long war, gaining himself a place in the hearts of the brave men of the time, and on one occasion receiving what was and to this day a treasured memory among his descendants—a few words of warm commendation from the lips of our noble Washington, the Father of our Country.

On the day when the news reached Boston of the Declaration of Independence, the Scud lay in a sheltered cove along the coast, while her commander was at Captain Gid's.

Here his mother found an asylum for years, visited at long intervals by her son.

Ned was met by Stella Arnow on the first occasion after his ravishing kiss, with glowing cheeks, but she did not then or ever after reprove him for the liberty he had taken, and, in fact, when Ned left this time she demurely upraised her lips to meet his.

The long war ended in the way ordained by heaven, who had watched over and cared for the interests of the struggling colonies.

Ned flew to Boston, to the arms of his mother and Stella.

It was the night of his arrival, and the happy family were gathered in the parlor.

The old times were talked of—the times when they were smugglers, when Ned first saw Stella in men's clothes, of her peril the night of her falling into the sea, of his own narrow escapes, when the name of Oscian was mentioned.

"What has become of Oscian, by the way?" asked Ned.

"I don't know," replied Captain Gid. "He disappeared shortly after the attack on the island. Pierre went with him; but wherever they were, it was not to be idle."

"I believe you," said Ned. "He was a strange fellow. I was always more than half afraid of him."

"So were a great many," observed the captain, "and not without reason, either, for he possessed many strange powers."

"Hadn't he something to do with the 'mystery of the lighthouse,' as it's called?"

"All I can tell you," said Captain Gid, "is that Oscian was a singularly gifted mesmerist and personally highly magnetic. His simple touch would thrill me, and I have seen him put people to sleep by merely looking at them."

"Faith," ejaculated Ned, using his old Irish mannerism for the first in some time, "he struck me as being in league with the Old Boy himself."

"No, it was simply and purely magnetism or mesmerism—only he can ever explain the 'mystery of the lighthouse' fully, but no doubt it was due to the exercise of his strange powers."

"And how did he escape from the English guards that night? What is the explanation of his disappearing 'mid fire and smoke?'"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Captain Gid. "That was rich—rich! He gained quite a reputation by it, too. Why, it was simply this: He walked around the room a number of times, holding his powder-flask behind him, and making serpentine trains all over the floor. When he had done, he fell down, touched his hot cigar to the powder, and, of course, it went hissing and burning in and out and between their very feet. While the room was filled with smoke he flung himself through the window, and half an hour afterward was in this very room."

At the recollection of it Captain Gid laid back in his chair, and his merry laughter was ringing through the apartment, when the servant ushered in—Oscian and Pierre.

The former was pale as death and quite emaciated, and but for Pierre's assistance could not have stood on his feet.

With a wan smile he sank into a chair and extended his hand to take that proffered by Capatin Gid, as well as Ned's.

"I've heard of you," he said, with a look of approbation. "You did well—my trust was well-founded. All honor to Ireland and Irishmen."

It was very clear that Oscian had not long to live, and they tenderly laid him upon a downy bed and used him devotedly:

Pierre never left his side.

One day he seemed a little stronger, and when they were all gathered beside him he suddenly said:

"You do not think we were idle because you did not see us, do you, Captain Gid?"

"No."

"We were not!" exclaimed Oscian, his eyes flashing with some of their old, peculiar light.

"Did you ever know, Captain Gid, why we hated the English so?"

"No."

"Well, you have heard of that disgraceful blot in their national history when they attacked a defenseless French settlement and to break it up more effectually carried away their prisoners, broke up families, and scattered them to the four winds of heaven. My forefathers were among that number, and to that day I trace my father's death and my mother's. Pierre and I met beside the body of our dead father and swore to avenge his death, and—we have done it."

Oscian sank back, exhausted, and a pallor began to overspread his face, and they saw that his strength had been fictitious, and that he was nearing the end.

He knew it, too.

"Good-by, and heaven bless you all!" he said, weakly, closing his eyes.

As they watched him they seemed to see or did see sparks of fire leave the tips of his fingers. Presently it darted from his face and hair, and then, suddenly—was gone.

They bent closer and found that he was dead.

Pierre's sobs alone broke the solemn silence that followed, and flinging himself down on the bed, he kissed the now lifeless lips.

His face was stern and fixed when he raised himself.

"Leave me alone with my dead!" he mournfully said, and they respected his wish.

Half an hour later the report of a pistol shot rang through the house.

Hurrying upstairs they found Pierre stretched across the body of Oscian.

Though dying, he was not yet dead, and raising himself as they entered, he turned his mournful eyes on them.

"What have you done?" exclaimed Captain Gid.

A melancholy smile hovered around the halfbreed's mouth, as he replied, brokenly, with great effort:

"Forgive me that it is done beneath your roof, but together we lived for one purpose in common. That has been accomplished. Companions in life, let us not be separated in death."

His head sank until it rested on Oscian's breast, and all became solemnly silent. They glided forward to raise him up, but Pierre had already crossed the dark chasm and joined his brother on the other shore.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### CONCLUSION.

The treaty of peace was signed, and thus Great Britain officially recognized the thirteen colonies as free and independent States.

Ned's first care was to become a citizen of the country by adoption, to secure its protection.

He then wrote to his old home to the proper authorities, and stated his willingness to return and stand trial on the charge of killing the Marquis of Kerry.

His story had reached the ears of many prominent men, some of whom visited him and assured him of their personal protection, while others wrote him to the same effect.

The reply was received in due time, accepting his proposition, and he and his mother at once made preparations for his return to Ireland.

"Don't go," pleaded Stella, with a distressed face, when she heard of it.

"I must, darlin'," said Ned. "With that charge hanging over my head I would never be a free man. To go willingly is all in me favor, and they have the right to take me back if they wish, which would count against me on the trial if they did. No—no, mavourneen, 'tis best so."

"But—but—" stammered Stella, "you will be all alone there."

"Whisht now, won't I have me mother? It won't be for long, Stella, and we'll be married the day I get back."

"You are determined to go, I see," said Stella.

"I am."

"Then I will go with you."

"What?"

"As your wife."

"Hurroo!" cried Ned, impulsively, and broke into a genuine old Irish jig; then, pausing suddenly and clasping a rosy cheek with either hand, he said: "Ye'd better not, Stella; it may not be very pleasant for you, and—and—there's a chance of the jury thinking differently about the matter from what I do."

"I'm going, nevertheless," she said, firmly.

It was a very quiet little wedding that took place the day the vessel was to leave; but some unforeseen accident prevented her going, and finally it was decided that she was not to go at all, so it was really six months after their marriage ere the blue shores of America sank below the horizon as they stood on the vessel's deck, straining their eyes to keep it in sight as long as possible.

Going to Europe in those days was not what it is now;

at the present time we expect to go there in less than a week; then, four weeks or even five or six was considered a good run.

It took them nearly ten weeks to reach Ned's old home.

Then there was some delay about the commencing of the trial, and it was fully three months more when Ned, pale-faced but firm, stood proudly up to hear the result of the trial.

Alone, friendless, it must have gone against him; but surrounded by great influence, the adopted child of a powerful republic, they were compelled to deal justly by him.

The evidence was spoken of at length.

The Marquis of Kerry had been anything but a moral man; he had been a bad man in many ways. Mrs. Nolan was a widow, alone, unprotected save by her son. The dead marquis had called on the lady, and finding her alone, had grossly insulted her, when Ned chanced to come in. In a perfectly natural rage he had struck down the nobleman, who died from the effects of the blow. The provocation had been great, the judge believed the act justifiable, therefore the verdict was—

"Not guilty!"

Ned hurried home, elated beyond measure, and dashing upstairs, burst into his wife's room, exclaiming:

"It's all over. I'm a free man!"

They remained in the place some time, and by order of the court the property, which had been confiscated after his mother's departure for America, was returned.

Disposing of it to good advantage, they returned to Boston, and, with Ned's mother and Stella's father and mother, they lived happily for many years, surrounded by a family of little Nolans.

Next week's issue will contain "THE RIVAL BOAT CLUBS; OR, THE BOSS SCHOOL AT BEECHWOOD."

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## PIELESS AND PUDDINGLESS DAYS

The New York hotel stewards suggest that pies and puddings be omitted from the menus two days each week, as a means of economizing on fats, sugar, and wheat, substituting therefor fresh fruits and other deserts that do not require fats, sugar, and wheat in their preparation. The stewards also, through their association, have pledged themselves to aid the Food Administration in every way, devoting their skill and experience to the development of substitutes, instructing and directing employees to that end, and endeavoring to secure the latter's signatures to the food pledge cards.

## THE PRESIDENT'S DEFINITION OF GERMANISM

Innumerable articles and many books have been written to define "Germanism" and show to the world what it means.

In his message to Congress December 4 President Wilson defines it as follows:

"This intolerable Thing of which the masters of Germany have shown us the ugly face, this menace of combined intrigue and force which we now see so clearly as the German power, a Thing without conscience or honor or capacity for covenanted peace."

This Thing must be crushed, and if not truly brought to an end, at least shut out from the friendly intercourse of the nations, says the President, and it is only when this Thing and its power are indeed defeated that the time can come when we can discuss peace with the German people.

## SOLDIER AND SAILOR INSURANCE

The insurance offered by the United States Government to members of its military and naval forces has been called the most just and humane provision ever made by any nation for its soldiers and sailors.

That its value and advantages are appreciated by the Army and Navy is evidenced by the extent which it has been availed of. Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo officially announced on December 14 that 238,924 applications has already been received, representing \$2,073,728,500 of insurance.

The average amount of applicants is \$8,679, which is very little less than the maximum of \$10,000. The American forces in France were prompt in availing themselves of the insurance, General Pershing himself subscribing to the maximum of \$10,000.

"War Savings Stamps mark an epoch in our national life."—Secretary of the Treasury MCADOO.

Many a successful business man has said that the saving of his first dollar was the most important single act of his life; that it marked the beginning of a habit and a course of conduct to which he attributed his success.

Something very analogous to this, it is believed, is going to be the effect on the American Nation of the War Savings campaign. Not only are millions of individual citizens going to begin to save, but this habit of economy and saving is going to be a collective movement, a movement not of individuals alone but of the Nation.

The habit of saving formed now has a deeper incentive than ordinary. We are saving not alone for selfish reasons, we are saving now from patriotism, saving not alone for ourselves but for our country. The combination of patriotism and thrift is, indeed, going to make the War Savings campaign an epoch in our national life. It is not only going to be a thing of tremendous benefit to millions of citizens, it is going to be a thing of tremendous advantage to the Nation as a whole, and affect our whole national life. It marks the beginning of a new era in American life, an era of economy, good sense, and patriotism.

## FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS AND WAR LOANS

Representatives of fraternal insurance organizations and societies from every part of the United States at a meeting in Washington called by Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo on December 13 agreed to form War Savings associations and to conduct economy and savings campaigns all over the country and themselves invest and urge others to invest in Government War Loans.

A resolution was passed recommending to the respective organizations of the representatives present that they ratify and indorse the meeting in its purpose for War Savings and Liberty Loans.

The enlistment of the united and active support of fraternal organizations in the campaign for economy and saving a most hopeful sign. The fraternal societies of the United States wield a tremendous influence and form a body of citizens which is a great factor in our national life as well as in their respective localities. The value of their active co-operation and assistance in the War Savings campaign will be of incalculable value.

# OUT FOR MONEY

—OR—

## A POOR BOY'S CHANCE IN A BIG CITY

By J. P. RICHARDS

(A Serial Story)

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### PHIL MAKES A FIND.

A man, asleep or intoxicated, possibly both, sat on a bench.

Swipes was feeling in his inside coat pockets when Phil saw him.

The boy made a dash for the thief and caught him just as he had abstracted a flat packet from the sleeper's pocket.

"Here, I want that!" cried Phil.

He had recognized the man as Hiram Maynard. Swipes yelled, struck out and kicked, but Phil tripped him over the railing upon the grass.

He had secured the packet and now did not care what became of Swipes.

The packet was in a long envelope which had written on it:

"Papers relating to Philip Huntley."

Phil ripped open the envelope and looked at the contents.

They were mostly blank sheets of paper tied with red tape and endorsed to give them a legal look.

The only things of any importance whatever were a newspaper slip giving the date of the loss of the captain's ship, another giving the date of the captain's marriage, and one giving the date of his son's birth, all cut from San Francisco papers.

"What have you got there?" asked the captain, joining Phil.

"Hiram's papers. Most of them are simply rubbish. Here are two or three that may be of use, but the rest were simply faked up to deceive."

At that moment Hiram awoke, saw Phil and the captain and exclaimed:

"I've been robbed! Ha! You are the thief, are you?"

"Well, I'm the second thief, and so the best owner," said Phil. "You can have your papers, Hiram. As I supposed, they amount to little or nothing."

"I can have you pulled in for that!" growled the man.

"Go ahead, I don't mind," said Phil, throwing the envelope in the man's lap.

Hiram seemed to think better of it, however, and as he staggered to his feet, said:

"Give us a dollar, won't you? I'm clean broke."

"Nothing doing," laughed Phil. "Come on, sir, we have nothing to say to this man."

Then Phil and the captain went on, and Hiram,

thrusting the useless package back into his pocket, growled:

"H'm! there's no use trying to do anything in that quarter now. I wonder how he got on to Phil? If I hadn't missed him last night he wouldn't 've done it till I'd got something out of him."

The game was clearly up for Hiram now, and he could expect nothing from neither Captain Huntley, Phil or the latter's friends.

He shipped on a tramp steamer bound to China a few days later, and up to this time has not been seen in New York, and it is quite doubtful if he will ever return.

At the bridge entrance Phil met Butts selling papers, and said:

"Hello, Butts, this is my father, Captain Huntley."

"How do, captain?" said Butts. "Is dat straight, Phil? Gee! but he's a high-toned duck. Is he your pop, honest?"

"Yes," said Phil, "but there's one or two things to settle yet, that's all."

"Well that's great. Say, you're a lucky feller. I was afraid yer might find any old bloke for yer father, but yer done fine, an' I'm glad of it."

"Where's Kitty?"

"She's went home."

"Well, I'm going over there. Will you be along pretty soon?"

"You betcher life. I wanter see what Kit an' de ole woman says when dey see his nibs. I bet dey never suspected ter see a fine feller like him. Just wait till I sell out an' I'll be over dere."

"All right, we'll see you again then."

As they walked on, Phil said:

"Butts is a good fellow if he is not strong on education. He'd do anything for me, and I'd never go back on him, not if I was the richest boy in New York."

"That's to your credit, Philip," said the captain. "You can't afford to let go of your real friends, for one never has very many at the best."

Reaching Mrs. Mulligan's, Phil took the captain up, and as he went in, asked:

"May I bring a friend of mine in, missus?"

"Sure ye may and welkim. Anny friend av yours do have the same privileges as yersilf."

"This is Captain Huntley, Mrs. Mulligan."

"Good-day, ma'am."

"Good-day to ye, sor. It's not the palatial residence I have, but ye're just as much at home. Kitty, bring a chair for the gentleman."

"Did you ever see the captain before, missus?" asked Phil.

"Sure, I don't know that I did, but—— Howld on, me boy. Faith, av it warn't for the whiskers an' th' white head av um, begorry, but the eyes are the same, an' there's a luck abeout the forehead, an—— Phil, me bye, phwat have you been sayin'? Sure, this is no friend ye have brought to me."

(To be continued.)

# CURRENT NEWS

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The extended drought in Western Texas has driven coyotes from the ranges into the streets and dooryards of San Angelo, and instead of killing calves, lambs, sheep and goats on the ranches, they now are virtually begging at the back doors for something to eat. Hundreds of coyotes have been killed.

The peanut crop of the United States for 1917 is estimated at 65,553,000 bushels, valued at \$160,000,000, including the food forage for animals, the latter being valued at \$30,000,000. Texas is the largest producer of peanuts, 760,000 acres yielding 14,400,000 bushels. Alabama comes next with 13,720,000 bushels and Georgia follows with 12,320,000 bushels. The entire crop for 1917 is estimated at 65,553,000.

Alfred Mier, an aged farmer, who resides alone on his farm near Bennetts Corners, nine miles southeast of Berea, O., set a trap for thieves in his barn by running a wire from the door to two revolvers. He had been missing tools from the barn. This morning he forgot his trap and stumbled against the wire. One of the revolvers was discharged and the bullet entered his leg just below the hip. He was taken to a Cleveland Hospital in a serious condition.

When Walter Vinson, a high school boy, decided to join the army, he thought the recruiting officer would question his age because he was wearing short pants. He therefore borrowed a pair of long trousers from another high school lad and, hurrying to Anderson, enlisted in the army. Young Vinson explained that he was anxious to get into the army and did not wish to take any chances of being rejected on account of his short trousers.

"But they do eat too much lean meat. All the evidence of modern nutritional investigations shows that cereal foods are better suited to sustain physical vigor than animal foods, and for that reason I would not favor a reduction, to any noted degree, of the cereal foods now used by our army and navy. On the other hand, meat is the most expensive and most difficult food product which we have to supply to our forces in the field. If the quantity of lean meat now given to our soldiers should be cut in half, it would be a distinct advantage," says an army surgeon.

A fish wearing false teeth was hooked a few days ago in the Gulf of Mexico, near Indian Rocks, Fla., by A. L. Anderson, of Independence, Ind. Mr. Anderson was invited to go out in a boat with H. H. Ingersoll, a well-known resident of Indian Rocks. During the day they brought up a specimen of the "swell toad," or burfish variety. As the hook was

pulled out it brought with it a front plate with four false teeth attached to a gold bridge. Later it was learned by the astonished fishermen that a few days before a visitor from Oldsmar, a near-by resort, had dropped his teeth while bathing.

A Kansas farmer noticed that the chickens made a stampede every morning for a straw stack, returning leisurely after a few hours to lie around the yard the balance of the day too full for utterance. Investigation showed, says the Flour and Grain World, that they were feasting on \$2.50 wheat left by careless thrashing. He located a thrashing outfit and put the stack through the machine and sold the 150 bushels of wheat derived thereby for \$425. Every farmer for miles around who heard the story began to "repan their old dumps" and clean up a few extra hundred dollars, much to the disgust of the chickens.

"I would like to make this suggestion in regard to our future standing army after the war," writes an army correspondent at Fort Logan, Colorado. "Why not make the pay of enlisted men not less than \$30 per month and then select or enlist men who are truly representative of the United States; men who know something of the history and geography of the country they represent. While the majority of the enlisted personnel of the regular army is of the best, it has been the practice in the past to enlist any alien who simply declared his intention to become a citizen. Recently a soldier was arrested in this post on account of his suspicious actions and turned out to be a sailor from one of the interned German ships in the United States. He has been employed as a baker in this post."

Donald Munro, who lives in a little town up on the Canadian prairies, fell out of a tree one day last fall and hurt himself pretty badly. A fractured spinal cord and a broken leg were but part of his hurts. The local doctor did what he could, but Donald became paralyzed and was in a fair way to die. There was a specialist at a town forty miles away who it was thought might do something for Donald. There was no train and his injuries were such that it was impossible to move him in any rig. Twenty-four of his friends, in the true spirit of pioneer ethics, decided to carry him. They rigged up a litter on which Donald could lie fairly comfortably and started off on a two days' journey across the prairie. Six men acted as bearers at one time. One night was spent in camp. When they arrived at the town where the specialist lived they got a public reception. The injured man stood the trip well, the specialist found that it wasn't too late for his services, and Donald is recovering.

## INTERESTING TOPICS

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### DON'T PAY WITH GOLD.

Use of currency instead of gold as a circulating medium was urged by Secretary McAdoo the other night in a statement addressed particularly to firms and corporations which pay their employees in gold coin which is counted by machines.

Pointing to the abrasion and loss of value resulting from such use of gold, the Secretary asked that paymasters and the banks subordinate personal convenience or profit to the general welfare.

### CANADIAN WHALING CATCH

Consul-Mosher, at Victoria, British Columbia, reports:-

The entire whaling fleet of the Victoria Whaling company has finished work for the 1917 season, and has put up for the winter at the company's dock in Victoria.

The total catch for all vessels for the season is about 400 whales, which represents the work done at three stations, namely, Kyuquot, Sechart, and Rose Harbor.

### 1,755 DEER AND 53 BEARS SHOT.

The wily buck was stalked by more than 10,000 hunters in the counties of Hamilton, Warren, Saratoga and Washington, New York, during the last deer hunting season, according to figures compiled by the Conservation Commission. They brought down 1,755 deer and 53 bears. Hamilton County led with 6,442 reported hunters and 1,312 deer and 40 bears.

The Conservation Commission estimates that deer produce an average of 100 pounds of dressed meat each, which gives a total of 175,500 pounds.

### THRIFT STAMPS

It is pointed out by the Treasury Department that Thrift Stamps are not made redeemable in cash for the reason that these stamps are simply intended as a convenient method for the small savers to accumulate enough to purchase War Savings Stamps, which bear interest and are redeemable in cash.

In addition, to provide for redemption for these Thrift Stamps would involve such an amount of detailed accounting and labor and expense as to impair the practicability of their use. In fact, they would be more trouble and expense to the Government possibly than they are worth.

### WAIT FOR SPRUCE.

Another acute situation faces the American government—the scarcity of spruce for airplane building—says the University of Washington "News-Letter." One hundred and fifty million feet is needed at home at once; Ally contracts for Septem-

ber called for 69,000,000 feet, and the spruce is not yet ready. The logs are not being put in the water and the coming of winter diminishes the chances for increased output. Strikes, inefficient labor and the peculiar difficulties of obtaining spruce are forcing an issue. Because the Northwest produces almost all of the country's spruce, the problem hinges here.

Men from the Great Lakes region are being recruited to help get out the Washington and Oregon spruce.

Only about 15 per cent. of a log can be used for airplane timber. The trees do not grow in exclusive stands, and logging out becomes more difficult and more expensive than with other timber.

Fir is being tried out as a substitute, but this supply is also limited.

### WHAT THE I. W. W. ACTUALLY IS.

The I. W. W. is a union of unskilled workers in large part employed in agriculture and in the production of raw materials. While the I. W. W. appeared in the East at Lawrence, Paterson, and certain other places at the height of strike activity, its normal habitat is in the upper Middle West and the Far West, from British Columbia down into Old Mexico. But within the past year, apart from the Dakota wheat fields and the iron ranges of Minnesota and Michigan, the zone of important activity has been Arizona, California, Washington, Idaho, Montana and Colorado. The present war time I. W. W. problem is that of its activity in the Far West, writes Carleton H. Parker in the *Atlantic*.

It is fortunate for our analysis that the I. W. W. membership in the West is consistently of one type, and one which has had a uniform economic experience. It is made up of migratory workers currently called hobo labor. The terms "hobo miner," "hobo lumberjack" and "blanket stiff" are familiar and necessary in accurate descriptions of Western labor conditions. Very few of these migratory workers have lived long enough in any one place to establish a legal residence and to vote, and they are also womanless. Only about 10 per cent have been married, and these, for the most part, have either lost their wives or deserted them. Many claim to be "working out," and expect eventually to return to their families. But examination usually discloses the fact that they have not sent money home recently or received letters. They are "floaters" in every social sense. Out of thirty suicides in the cheap lodging houses in San Francisco in the month of December, 1913, but two left behind any word as to their homes or their relatives. Half of these migratory workers are of American birth, the other half being largely made up of the newer immigrants from southeastern Europe.

# HUSTLING JOE BROWN

—OR—

## THE BOY WHO KEPT THE TOWN CLOCK

By WILLIAM WADE

(A Serial Story)

### CHAPTER XXIII (Continued).

He was drenched before he covered half the distance, but by the time he hit the town the rain had ceased.

As he wheeled into the alley, Tom Wiley came running across the street and joined him.

"So you are back!" he exclaimed. "Gee, how wet you are! What an awful storm! Were you out in it all?"

"Pretty much," replied Joe. "I've got my dose; but no matter. I got something to make up for it, all right. How did you fare?"

"Oh, not so bad. I stood under the porch of Putzel's store and managed to keep dry. There was nothing doing, Joe."

"Wasn't there? Well, there will be soon then, and we must hustle. Now we go for Charley Jacques."

Charley Jacques was the constable of Reddington, which office he had held for several years.

The faithful Tom, who had long ago given up asking questions, stuck close to his chum, and they hurried to the constable's house, and after some difficulty succeeded in getting him down to the door.

"Why, is it you, Joe Brown?" cried the constable. "What's in the wind? I thought I recognized your voice when you called up at the window, or you would not have got me down so easy, I can tell you."

"There are firebugs in the wind, Mr. Jacques," replied Joe. "I've been doing a little hustling in the detective line lately, and to-night I am in a position to tell who fired the works."

"What! You don't mean it! Who?"

"Have you noticed two men who have been hanging about town, detectives they call themselves? Tinker and McCarthy are the names."

"Why, yes! They were here only this afternoon. They are employed by Mr. Dodger, the new president of the Wapamsett Company, to find out who fired the works."

"They set the works on fire themselves, and I can prove it. What's more, they intend to fire my shop to-night. They will be along soon, if I am not making a big mistake. I want your help, Mr. Jacques."

The constable was skeptical at first, but Joe told him enough to convince him.

Then there was hustling.

Charley Jacques got three men who usually assisted him upon such occasions, and they accompanied Joe and Tom back to the alley behind the little shop.

"If you catch them in the act, will you arrest them and hold them until I can communicate with Colonel Bedding?" demanded Joe. "No bail business now. They'll jump it, surest thing."

"Trust me," said the constable. "But do you know where Colonel Redding is? They say he's busted and has run away."

"They knew nothing about it," replied Joe, "but I do. If you want to see the works open again, Mr. Jacques, you see that these men are held until I can get the colonel on the job."

"We have to catch 'em first," replied the constable. But catch them they did, and neatly, too.

Before going for the constable Joe put his light out and locked his door.

The constable, Joe, Tom and one man hid in a little shed behind the shop, while the other two took their stand in Putzel's alley, ready to close in when the constable gave the word.

Here they waited, and at last their patience was rewarded, for at about half-past two Tinker and McCarthy came sneaking into the alley.

Tinker tried the back door and peered in at the window.

"I guess he is in there, all right, Mac," he whispered. "We may as well get on the job."

"Hadn't we better get in on him first and see if he's got the papers?" growled McCarthy.

"Oh, rats! I tell you that idea of yours is all nonsense. Didn't we see the leather man sneaking along the wall. I tell you it was him who played the ghost. We'll finish up this young hustler first, and then give our whole attention to the old lunatic. Dis t'ing will work out all right in the end."

Thus saying, Tinker produced a flask and began sprinkling the steps and the weather boarding with the kerosene which it contained.

"Get in that shed and see if you can't find some straw or something, Mac," he said.

McCarthy obeyed, and this brought matters to a climax, for the constable's man promptly covered him with a revolver, while Charley Jacques snapped the handcuffs on.

Meanwhile Tinker took to his heels, with Tom and Joe after him.

He was captured at the mouth of the alley by Charley Jacques's two assistants, and Joe helped to tie him up with rope which he had provided for the purpose.

It was a complete victory, and the crestfallen firebugs saw themselves outwitted by the bright boy whose death they had planned.

Tom Wiley went home after it was all over, and Joe returned to the shop, hoping that now at last he might snatch a little sleep.

But it was not to be.

He was just beginning to undress when there came a low knock on the door, and he opened to admit the leather man.

"Here again, Joe Brown," said the hermit. "I see you have succeeded."

(To be continued.)

# NEWS OF THE DAY

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## ALEXANDER WANTS PART OF HIS PURCHASE PRICE

Grover Alexander, the Philadelphia pitcher, who, with Catcher Killifer, was sold to the Chicago Nationals in a deal involving \$50,000, said after a conference with President Weeghman of the Chicago club that he believed he is entitled to a part of the purchase price.

There will be no hitch in the salary arrangements, There will be no hitch in the salary arrangements, as Alexander's contract, which does not expire for

## SAVES \$2,000 CASH.

By throwing a portfolio containing Government contracts and \$2,000 in cash over a high hedge just before he lost consciousness, Hans Otto Schundler, a marine machine manufacturer, saved it from two men who attacked and beat him in the Parkville section of Brooklyn early the other morning. Two rings valued at \$3,000, a gold watch and chain and \$50 in cash were stolen from him.

Schundler had arrived from Boston on a midnight train and started to his home at 1703 Avenue K via the subway to Brooklyn bridge and a Brighton elevated train. After walking a short distance from the Avenue J elevated station the men attacked him from behind. He threw the portfolio away and knew nothing more for half an hour. When he regained consciousness he found a three-inch gash on his head. The attack took place half a block from a police booth.

## \$100,000,000 SHELL ORDER TO DETROIT

Following a conference between officials of the United States Ordnance Department and a group of automobile men and bankers, an organization to operate in Detroit one of the biggest shell plants in the United States was perfected.

Initial orders from \$30,000,000 to \$100,000,000 are already in sight, and the amount of contracts to follow will be limited only by capacity of the plant, which will be known as the Detroit Shell Company. Between 8,000 and 10,000 men will be employed.

John Kelsey, president of the Kelsey Wheel Company, will be head of the company, which is capitalized at \$2,000,000. Steps were immediately taken to send representatives of the company, clothed with full power to act, to confer with the officials of the Ordnance Department at Washington.

The plant will be in operation just as quickly as machinery can be shipped into Detroit and installed.

## LOST NINETEEN YEARS.

After being on the way nineteen years, a box was received by Captain Charles P. Wheeler, of Burr Oak, Mich., sent him by express by his mother.

Captain Wheeler led a company of volunteers in the Spanish-American War in 1898, and while at Camp Alger, Don Loring, Va., his mother sent him a box weighing seventy pounds, containing first aid material and medicine. Before the box arrived the company had moved to Cuba, and as the company moved so rapidly the box never caught up. On his return he tried to trace the box without success.

A few days ago the box arrived from Philadelphia, being sent by Col. R. H. Rolfe of the Quartermaster Corps, it being presumably laid aside with other war material and finally brought to light.

The contents of the box were in good condition, and Captain Wheeler has turned over the box to the Three Rivers' Camp of Spanish-American Veterans to be disposed of for the benefit of the Red Cross.

## ELECTRICITY AND NEW ZEALAND FARMS

Much attention has been given to the advanced uses of electricity in the farming and dairying districts of the South Island of New Zealand, in the vicinity of the Lake Coleridge government hydroelectric plant. This section takes in the country surrounding Christchurch. Electric power is used extensively by dairymen about their barns and sheds for lighting and the operation of milking machines, creameries, etc. In one case a farmer reports that the charge per annum covering all these uses was only \$87.60 for a herd of 60 cows. The government has now under consideration a big project for a hydroelectric station in the North Island. It is expected that this will provide power as cheap for the use of the general public as has been furnished in the South Island.

## EAT MUSKRAT AND JACKRABBITS

Kansas has started a new industry in consequence of war pressure and demands. Two packing plants are at work making use of a plethora of jackrabbits to add to the State's wealth and resources. Two rabbits are being killed with one stone in this manner. The rabbit has become a pest in a number of places in the Sunflower State. It destroys crops and young fruit trees. The farmers would not object to what it eats, but it renders useless much more than it consumes. Now there will be a steady market all the year round and the hunter is expected to keep down the pest to his own profit.

A naturalist and hunter asks why not include in the war conservation measures that ever present muskrat. In the marsh lands there are enormous numbers of them killed for their fur every season. No use is made of the carcase. Prejudice. Yet vegetables. Muskrat flesh is tender, as hunters will make affidavit, and is much better eating than squirrel or rabbit.

# ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

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## WAR STOPS CHEESE FROM EUROPE.

The war has revolutionized the country's foreign trade in cheese, according to a statement issued by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce. During the fiscal year of 1914, the last year before the war, the United States bought 63,800,000 pounds of cheese from Europe. The average monthly imports were about 5,300,000 pounds. In August of this year exactly 99 pounds of European cheese was imported. It came from Italy. Argentina has turned to cheese making on a large scale and is now placing important quantities in the United States.

More cheese is being exported than imported. In September 2,000,000 pounds was sold abroad and was distributed to more than 50 countries. England took the bulk of it.

## U. S. BUYS 133 ACRES FROM NEWARK CITY.

The city commissioners of Newark, N. J., at the request of Director Raymond of the Department of Streets and Improvements, agreed to sell the U. S. government 133 acres of land at Port Newark at \$10,000 an acre.

An option on the tract, which adjoins that of the Submarine Boat Corporation, was given on November 1, and the municipal authorities were notified that the government was prepared to accept the option. It was said the sale had to be made before the end of the year, so the commissioners passed the agreement.

The money will not pass to the city until slight tangles are straightened out, which will enable the city to give a clear title. In addition to the 133 acres, the government is also given the use of 20 acres for temporary use.

## HOT COFFEE AND CANCER OF STOMACH.

Dr. William J. Mayo, of Rochester, Minn., now major in the U. S. Army, says that 30 per cent. of all cancers of civilized man are in the stomach, and this condition is uncommon among primitive men and animals. He believes that many such cancers are caused by chronic ulceration of the stomach.

Dr. Mayo told the National Session of the Clinical Congress of Surgeons of North America that men had cancer of the stomach more frequently than women because man is in the habit of taking his food hotter than the average woman takes hers. Woman sits at the foot of the table and pours the tea and coffee, serving the men of the household first and drinking hers after it has cooled somewhat. Among the Chinese the same rule holds good of eating rice, for the women eat at the second table.

Dr. Mayo said food and drink should not be taken into the stomach hotter than can be borne comfort-

ably in the mouth, for the mouth has sensitive nerves expressly to protect the doorway to the body, while the stomach has not.

## MISS STINSON MAKES RECORD FLIGHT.

Miss Katherine Stinson, Texas aviatrix, established a new official American non-stop record for airplane flights when she arrived at San Francisco, Cal., recently, from San Diego, covering the distance of 610 miles in nine hours and ten minutes.

Miss Stinson suffered somewhat from the cold, due to the high altitude at which she flew, but otherwise she experienced little discomfort on the long trip. In crossing the Tehachapi Mountains, in Southern California, she reached her highest altitude of the journey, 9,000 feet.

Miss Stinson's performance was characterized as remarkable by officials of the Pacific Aero Club, who timed and supervised the flight, which surpassed the previous non-stop record of 512½ miles, made by Miss Ruth Law, November 19, 1916, between Chicago and Hornell, N. Y.

Miss Stinson started at 7:31 a.m. from the North Island Aviation Grounds at San Diego, and arrived at Presidio Military Reservation at 4:41 p.m. The flight was made in a biplane with a triplane body.

## NEW THINGS.

A vacuum cleaner that can be placed upon and operated in connection with an ordinary carpet-sweeper has been invented.

Having a span of 328 feet, the new bridge across the Tiber, at Rome, is the longest reinforced concrete arch in the world.

In a new electric photograph printing machine an automatic switch shuts off the light at a set time, insuring even prints.

Carbonic acid gas is used in a machine of European invention to spray mortar or plaster on a wall and hasten its setting.

A new attachment for fountain pens holds them up at an angle and prevents them spilling ink when laid on horizontal surfaces.

So that a smoker can see what is occurring behind him an English inventor has patented a pipe with small mirrors on the bowl.

A curved ladder has been invented on which drowning persons can be placed and drawn into a boat without danger of capsizing it.

Motion picture exhibitors in one Bohemian city are required by the police to show pictures of persons wanted for certain crimes.

A quickly operated portable electric crane has been invented which enables one man to load and unload 300-pound barrels from wagons.

# PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, JANUARY 16, 1918.

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## Good Current News Articles

The Amoy drydocks have been purchased by the Chinese Government. Negotiations had been pending for the sale of the property to the Japanese, but there was such a storm of protests that the Chinese Government decided to acquire the docks.

Firemen who were called upon for assistance in saving the home of J. Edward Wilt of Rippon, W. V., from destruction by fire responded to the call, but failed to take any apparatus, and the building burned down, causing a loss of about \$5,000. The entire village was threatened and a number of buildings ignited, but the flames were extinguished by bucket brigades.

During a heavy rainstorm which was more or less general over southern England on the night of June 28, 1917, a measurement of 9.84 inches was recorded at Bruton, Somerset. This is the heaviest rainfall in 24 hours ever recorded in the British Isles. On the 17th of the same month, during an afternoon thunderstorm, a fall of 4.65 was registered at Campden Hill, Kensington, London; the heaviest fall in 24 hours ever recorded in the metropolis.

Old papers and newspapers have an immense fuel value. Throughout France they are being converted into bricks which can be burned in a fireplace or a stove. The process is a simple one. The papers are torn into strips and softened by rubbing between the hands. They are then soaked in water for several hours. When they are almost reduced to a pulp they are pressed into balls by the hands or formed into bricks by a special apparatus designed for this purpose. After these have dried in the sun they can be burned with excellent results.

A Radio School for the merchant marine has been established at Boston, through the initiative of

Radio Inspector Arthur Batcheller, and with the active aid of Mr. W. Butterworth, assistant radio inspector. Several offices and firms have helped in equipping this free school, which was so urgently needed for training wireless operators to serve on America's new fleet of merchant vessels. The classes meet three evenings a week and there are already 40 pupils. The Secretary of Commerce has visited the school and has officially commended Messrs. Batcheller and Butterworth for their timely and patriotic undertaking.

## Grins and Chuckles

Man—Hey, there, how came you up in my apple-tree? Boy—Please, mister, I just fell out of a flying machine.

Crabshaw—The cost of most things has doubled on account of the war. Mrs. Crabshaw—Then you'll have to give me a hundred instead of the usual fifty for Christmas.

"You once kept a cook for a whole month, you say?" "Yes." "Remarkable. How did you manage?" "We were cruising on a houseboat and she couldn't swim."

Uncle John—Why, Edith, where did you get that pretty ring? Little Edith—Mamma bought it for me. Uncle John—Is it a real diamond? Little Edith—Well, I should say it is. Mamma paid forty-nine cents for it.

Husband (the father of six daughters)—Come, Rosa, there is a gentleman in the drawing-room who wants to marry one of our daughters. He is a wine merchant. Wife—A wine merchant? Thank goodness! Then he will be sure to select one of the older brands.

Doris was rather backward in her studies. One day when her father was inquiring into her standing at school she admitted that she was lowest in her class. "Why, Doris, I am ashamed of you!" her mother exclaimed. "Why don't you study harder and try to get away from the foot of the class?" "It isn't my fault," Doris replied in tones of injured innocence. "The little girl who has always been at the foot has left school."

As the result of lectures administered to him by both his father and the young woman of his choice, a certain young man decided to turn over a new leaf and show some interest in business. "Well, Molly," said he to the girl one evening, "I am really going into business in earnest. Made a beginning already to-day." "Good!" exclaimed Molly. "And what was the nature of your start?" "I ordered my tailor to make me a business suit."

# ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

## WHISKEY COST LESSENS CRIME

When a Circuit Court in Maryland convened the other day it was found that the number of criminal cases to be tried was far less than usual. The judge attributed the falling off of crime to the small quantity of whiskey that had been sold in the last few weeks. The price of whiskey is so high that only a few people can afford to buy it, he said.

## NEW SULPHUR PROCESS

Sulphur, which in these war times costs from \$35 to \$60 a ton, can be manufactured for as little as \$12 a ton by a process of reclaiming waste sulphurous smelter gases. This new process, known as the Thiogen wet process for recovering sulphur from sulphur dioxide in smelter gases, has been the subject of an exhaustive investigation by the United States Bureau of Mines, and its practicability is reported on favorably by that bureau.

## ANCHORING THE CAMEL.

Because of its peculiar swaying motion in walking the camel has been called the "ship of the desert." This title may also have some reference to the extreme stupidity and passivity of the animal, which submits to great loads, which it will often carry for days at a time without stopping for food or drink, with no more urging than a ship would require from the hands of its pilot, says the Popular Science Monthly for December.

The manner in which the drivers hobble the camels when they stop for a rest is interesting. They do not depend upon stakes driven in the deep, yielding sand, but simply double back and tie one of the forelegs of the animal, so that it can lie down or rise up, but cannot move from the spot.

## SOME FACTS ABOUT OUR PRESIDENTS.

Every American boy is ambitious to become President of the United States some day, yet that would be impossible if the boy was not a native-born citizen of the United States. To be sure, all the presidents that came before Van Buren's term could not be affected by this law since they were born before our country was the "United States."

Virginia, which has been termed "The Mother of Presidents," has produced eight of our presidents. They were Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, W. H. Harrison, Tyler, Taylor and Wilson.

Ohio is next for the greatest number. Here six were born: Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley and Taft.

There were twenty-seven in all, including Wilson, and the remaining thirteen were born in the following States:

North Carolina—Jackson, Polk and Johnson.

New York—Van Buren, Fillmore and Roosevelt.

Massachusetts—The two Adams.

Kentucky—Lincoln.

New Hampshire—Pierce.

New Jersey—Cleveland.

Pennsylvania—Buchanan.

Vermont—Arthur.

Nineteen of our presidents were lawyers. They were the two Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison McKinley and Taft.

Washington had been a planter. Monroe, Johnson, Roosevelt and Wilson were public officials, and W. H. Harrison was a farmer. Taylor and Grant were soldiers.

## “BONE DRY” ANIMALS.

In contrast to the mole, which is perhaps the most thirsty of animals, there are some creatures which seem to be almost independent of water. Many of the antelopes can live for incredible periods without drinking. The eland, for instance, in some strange manner, contrives to live for months together without drinking, and even when the herbage is so dry that it crumbles into powder in the hand this animal preserves its good condition and, moreover, is found to contain water in its stomach if opened, writes George A. Russ in "Our Dumb Animals."

Another antelope, the gemsbok, is nearly independent of water, and thrives and attains wonderful condition in the most barren regions. It most surely was intended by nature to adorn the parched and arid deserts of South Africa, its native land. The succulent plants which grow in these desert regions supply it with the little water it requires.

The ibex is capable of abstaining from water for a considerable time, which makes it extremely difficult to hunt the ibex successfully, as it will penetrate into the most barren regions, where man dare not follow lest he die of thirst.

Like many of the antelopes, the pichiciago armadillo appears to be able to live for months together without needing to drink, and one in captivity has been known to refuse water for a period of three months without the least signs of harm to its health.

The porcupine, too, is able to do without water for so long a time that it is said it does not require the presence of water at all; being able to quench its thirst by eating the succulent roots and plants which it digs out of the ground.

The sloth, which lives always in the trees and never comes to the ground except by accident, appears to stand in no need of water, but is satisfied to quench its thirst with the moisture which clings to the herbage on which it feeds.

**ELECTRIC CIGAR CASE.**

This handsome cigar case appears to be filled with fine cigars. If your friend smokes ask him to have a cigar with you. As he reaches out for one the cigars like a flash, instantly disappear into the case entirely out of sight, greatly to his surprise and astonishment. You can beg his pardon and state you

brought there were some cigars left in the case. A slight pressure on sides of case causes the cigars to disappear as if by magic. By touching a wire at bottom of case the cigars instantly appear again in their proper position in the case. As real tobacco is used they are sure to deceive any one. It is one of the best practical jokes of the season. A novelty with which you can have lots of fun.

Price 35 cents, sent by parcel post, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., N. Y.

**WILLARD-JOHNSON PRIZE-FIGHT PUZZLE.**

Four strips of wood, each three inches by one and a half inches, showing Willard and Johnson in various absurd postures. The solution in the puzzle lies in so arranging the strips that they show Willard in the complete picture, the heavyweight champion. Price, 10c, by mail postpaid, with directions.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

**RUBBER TACKS.**

They come six in a box. A wonderful imitation of the real tack. Made of rubber. The box in which they come is the ordinary tack box. This is a great parlor entertainer and you can play a lot of tricks with the tacks. Place them in the palm of your hand, point upward. Then slap the other hand over the tacks and it will seem as if you are committing suicide. Or you can show the tacks and then put them in your mouth and chew them, making believe you have swallowed them. Your friends will think you are a magician. Then, again, you can exhibit the tacks and then quickly push one in your cheek or somebody else's cheek and they will shriek with fear. Absolutely harmless and a very practical and funny joke. Price, by mail, 10c, a box of six tacks; 3 for 25c, postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

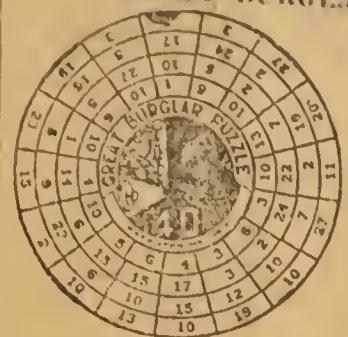
**RINGO.**

It is a little metal box. It looks very innocent, but is supplied with an ingenious mechanism which shoots off a harmless cap when it is opened. You can have more fun than a circus with this new trick. Place the BINGO in or under any other article and it will go off when the article is opened or removed. It can be used as a funny joke by being placed in a purse, cigarette box, or between the leaves of a magazine; also, under any movable article, such as a book, tray, dish, etc. The BINGO can also be used as a burglar alarm, as a theft preventer by being placed in a drawer, money till, or under a door or window or under any article that would be moved or disturbed should a thief be attempted. Price, 15c, each by mail, postpaid. Frank Smith, 383 Lenox Ave., New York.

**BLACK-EYE JOKE.**

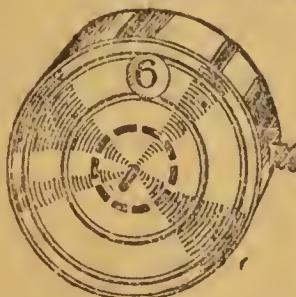
New and amusing joker. The victim is told to hold the tube close to his eye so as to exclude all light from the back, and then to remove the tube until pictures appear in the center. In trying to locate the pictures he will receive the finest black-eye you ever saw. We furnish a small box of blackening preparation with each tube, so the joke can be used indefinitely. Those not in the trick will be caught every time. Absolutely harmless. Price by mail 15c, each; 2 for 25c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

**GREAT BURGLAR PUZZLE.**

The latest and most fascinating puzzle ever placed on the market. Patented May 30. It consists of four revolving dials, each dial containing 16 figures. 64 figures in all. To open the safe these dials must be turned around until the figures in each of the 16 columns added together total 40. The puzzle is made on the plan of the combination lock on the large iron safes that open on a combination of figures. Persons have been known to sit up all night, so interested have they become trying to get each column to total 40. In this fascinating puzzle. With the printed key which we send with each puzzle the figures can be set in a few minutes so as to total 40 in each column.

Price 15 cents; mailed, postpaid.  
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**THE AMUSEMENT WHEEL.**

This handsome wheel, 7½ inches in circumference, contains concealed numbers from 0 to 100. By spinning the wheel from the center post the numbers revolve rapidly, but only one appears at the circular opening when wheel stops spinning. It can be made to stop instantly by pressing the regulator at side.

You can guess or bet on the number that will appear, the one getting the highest number winning. You might get 0, 5 or 100. Price, 15 cents; 3 for 40 cents, mailed, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.

**GOOD LUCK GUN FOB.**

The real western article carried by the cowboys. It is made of fine leather with a highly nickelized buckle. The holster contains a metal gun, of the same pattern as those used by all the most famous scouts. Any boy wearing one of these fobs will attract attention. It will give him an air of western romance. The prettiest and most serviceable watch fob ever made. Send for one to-day. Price 20 cents each by mail postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**THE TANTALIZER PUZZLE.**

Consists of one horizontal and one perpendicular piece of highly polished metal bent in such a manner that when assembled it seems utterly impossible to get them apart, but by following the directions it is very easily accomplished. This one is a brain twister. Price 10c, by mail, postpaid, with directions.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

**SNAPPER CIGAR.**

The real thing for the cigar grafter. If you smoke you must have met him. He sees a few choice cigars in your pocket and makes no bones about asking for one. You are all prepared for him this time. How? Take one of these cigar snappers which is so much like a real cigar you are liable to smoke it yourself by mistake! Bend the spring buck towards the lighted end, and as you offer the cigar let go the spring and the victim gets a sharp, stinging snap on the fingers. A sure cure for grafters. Price, by mail, ten cents each, postpaid, or three for 25c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

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Size of a postage stamp. Can you imagine it? Contains 200 pages; New Testament illustrated. The biggest wonder of the Twentieth Century. Boys coin money selling them. Sample 10c; per dozen, 75c. Ross H. Kelly, 342 Batavia St., Toledo, Ohio.

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CLARKE COIN CO., Box 35, Le Roy, N. Y.

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The latest, greatest and best little trick perfected by the ingenious Japanese is called Yaka Hula. It consists of two packages of specially prepared paper, one a sensitized medium, and the other a developing medium. The process of manufacture is a secret. By wetting a white sheet, and pressing a pink sheet on top of it, the white sheet will develop quaint photographic scenes, such as landscapes of Japan, portraits of Japanese characters, pictures of peculiar buildings, Gods, temples, etc. These pictures are replicas of actual photographs, and print up in a beautiful sepia brown color. Intensely interesting for both old and young. Price, 12c, per package, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

**THE BALANCING BIRD.**

It measures more than four inches from tip to tip of wings, and will balance perfectly on the tip of your finger nail, on the point of a lead pencil, or on any pointed instrument, only the tip of the bill resting on the nail or pencil point, the whole body of the bird being suspended in the air with nothing to rest on. It will not fall off unless shaken off. A great novelty. Wonderful, amusing and instructive.

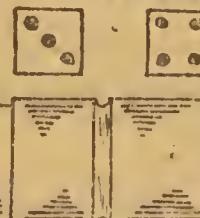
Price 10 cents, mailed postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

**ADAM'S TEASER PUZZLE.**

This is a nut cracker. The way to do it is as follows: Turn the top of the two small loops toward you, taking hold of the two large loops with each hand. Hold firm the loop held with the left hand and pull the other toward the right, and at the same time impart a twisting motion away from you. You can get the rest of the directions with the puzzle. Price 12 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

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**DICE BULLET.**

This Bullet and contents will afford you lots of "game." Not, however, the kind of game usually "got" with bullets. The illustration may suggest the idea. This little novelty consists of a real shell fitted with a hollow "bullet," and contains two small bone dice. This will make a very acceptable gift to any of your soldier friends. Each 15 cents, by mail, postpaid.

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**AUTOMOBILE PUZZLE.**

This little steel puzzle is one of the most perplexing on the market, and yet when you aster it a child could do it. It measures 1¾ by 4 inches. The trick is to spell out words as indicated on the cut. Price 15 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

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#### TWO-CARD MONTE.

  
This famous trick gets them all. You pick up a card and when you look at it you find you haven't got the card you thought you had.  
Price 10c. by mail, postpaid.  
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#### MAGIC PENCILS.

The working of this trick is very easy, most startling and mystifying. Give the case and three pencils to any one in your audience with instructions to place any pencil in the case point upward and to close case and put the remaining two pencils in his pocket. You now take the case with the pencil in it and can tell what color it is. Directions how to work the trick with each set.

Price 25 cts. each by mail, postpaid.  
WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

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Can you get the ring off? This puzzle is the latest creation of Yankee ingenuity. Apparently it is the easiest thing in the world to remove the ring from the block, but it takes hours of study to discover the trick, unless you knew how it is done. Price by mail, postpaid, 10c.; 3 for 25c.  
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

#### NUT AND BOLT PUZZLE.

  
A very ingenious puzzle, consisting of a nut and bolt with a ring fastened on the shank, which cannot be removed unless the nut is removed. The question is how to remove the nut. Price, 15c. by mail, postpaid.  
FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

#### IMITATION CUT FINGER.

  
A cardboard finger carefully bandaged with linen, and the side and end are blood-stained. When you slip it on your finger and show it to your friends, just give a groan or two, nurse it up, and pull a look of pain. You will get nothing but sympathy until you give them the laugh. Then duck! Price 10c. each, postpaid.  
WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

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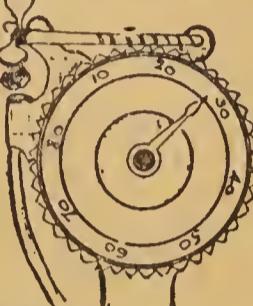
Made in the exact shape of a submarine. With this comical little instrument you can give a bride and groom one of the finest serenades they ever received. Or, if you wish to use it as a ventriloquist, you will so completely change your voice that your best friend will not recognize it. Price, 12c. by mail, postpaid.

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A number of rings. The scheme is to link them together just exactly the same way magicians link their hoops. It looks dead easy. But we defy anybody to do it unless they know the secret. Price 10c. by mail, postpaid.  
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We have here one of the greatest little novelties ever produced. With this instrument you can absolutely test the strength of your lungs. It has an indicator which clearly shows you the number of pounds you can blow. Lots of fun testing your lungs. Get one and see what a good blower you are. Price 15c. by mail, postpaid.  
FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

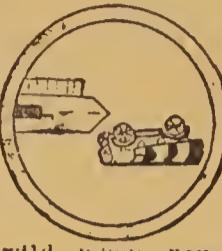
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On account of the war we have substituted this novelty for the Magic Dagger. It is eight inches in length, made to look exactly like a steel weapon and would deceive almost anybody at whom you might thrust it. But as the blade is made of rubber, it can do no injury. Price 15c. by mail, postpaid.  
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre Street, Brooklyn, New York.

#### THE WAR FOUNTAIN PEN.

  
A very handsome fountain pen case to which is attached a pocket holder neatly made of metal and highly nickel-plated. When your friend desires the use of your pen and gets it, he is very much astonished when he removes the cap by the sudden and loud noise of the explosion that occurs, and yet a little paper cap does it all. Price, 35c. by mail, postpaid.  
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A circular metal box with a glass top. Inside is a tiny garage fixed at one side and a loose traveling little Ford. It requires an expert to get the swiftly moving auto into the garage. This one grabs your interest, holds it, and almost makes you wild when you find after repeated trials how hard it is to do the trick. Price 15c. by mail, postpaid.  
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The most comical fortune telling cards ever issued. Every one a joke that will arouse screams of laughter. They are shuffled, and one is drawn—red for ladies, white for gentlemen. On the drawn card is a mirth-provoking picture, and a few words revealing your fortune. Price 5c., sent by mail, postpaid.

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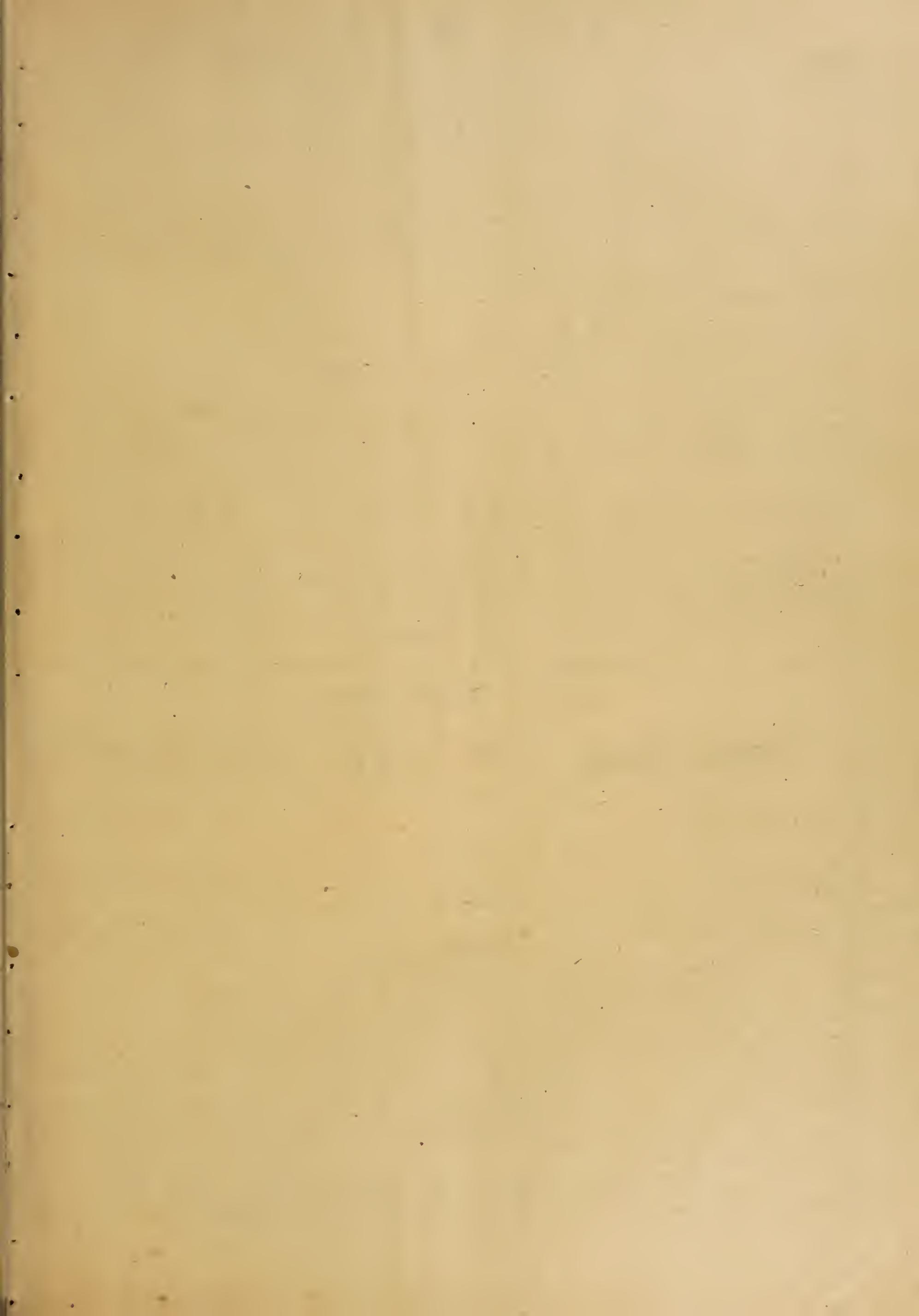
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